THE BYSTANDER
VOL. LXIII.—No. 819.

AUGUST 13, 1919

REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O. AS A NEWSPAPER.

THE TWELFTH—COWES—CANTERBURY WEEK

Don't use New Tyres
while your old ones can be properly repaired and made like new, at half the price of new ones, by the
ALMAGAM PROCESS
3,000 miles guaranteed for the new grooved Treads we fit to your old cover.
If you must have a New Tyre, then
BUY AN A.R.M.
Associated Rubber Manufacturers, Ltd.
Almagam Mills, Harpenden, Herts.
HEAD OFFICE:
172, GREAT PORTLAND STREET, W.1.
(THOMAS WARWICK, *Managing Director*)

BOLLINGER'S
CHAMPAGNE
By Appointment to
H.M. KING GEORGE V.

INSIDE BLINDS. OUTSIDE BLINDS.
By Appointment.
Shoolbred's
TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, LONDON, W. 1.
Cretonnes, Printed Linens, and Shadow Tissues
FOR CURTAINS AND LOOSE COVERS.

Foreign Medicines and Perfumes.
Heppells
Pharmaceutical Products.
Pharmacists & Wholesale Foreign Chemists,
73 Knightsbridge, S.W. 1. (Phone Vic. 6588)
5 Buckingham Palace Rd., S.W. 1. (Phone Vic. 6724)
26 Piccadilly, W. 1. (Phone Regent 1078)
164 Piccadilly, W. 1.
OPPOSITE BOND STREET.
(Phone Regent 218)
35 Haymarket, S.W. 1. *Open Day and Night.* (Phone Gerrard 4463)
77-78 Strand, W.C. 2. (Hotel Cecil Buildings). *Open Day and Night.* (Phone Gerrard 8989)

"Something different—Something better than you have ever smoked before."
STATE EXPRESS CIGARETTES
No. 555. Virginia.
Sole Manufacturers:
ARDATH TOBACCO CO., Ltd., LONDON.
Turkish. No. 444.

FOR

GOLFING

AND

SHOOTING

KIT

Bernard Weatherill

Civil, Military and Sporting Tailor.
Ladies' Costume and Habit Maker.

BREECHES EXPERT

12 GOLD MEDALS AND CHALLENGE VASE.

55, CONDUIT STREET, W.1.

Telephone No. 2071 Mayfair.

47 HIGH STREET, ALDERSHOT.

(New and Commodious Premises just opened).
Tel. 137 Aldershot.

ASCOT: Bridge House. *Tel.: 283 Ascot.*

CAMBERLEY: 51 London Rd. *Tel.: 56 Camberley.*

Phillips' 'Military'

SOLES AND HEELS

¶ THIN Rubber Plates, with Raised Studs, to be attached on top of ordinary soles and heels, giving complete protection from wear.

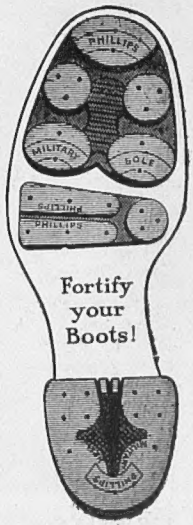
"They are perfect in every way . . . . "

(Extract from Letter.)

¶ THEY impart smoothness to the tread, lessen fatigue, give grip and prevent slipping. Keep feet dry in wet weather.

Men's 'Stout' ..	5/6	Per Set (Soles and Heels).
„ 'Light' ..	4/6	
Ladies' ..	3/-	
Men's 'Stout' ..	2/-	Per Pair (Heels separately).
„ 'Light' ..	1/6	
Ladies' ..	1/-	

IDEAL FOR GENERAL WEAR
EXCELLENT FOR GOLF ETC.



Fortify your Boots!

FROM ALL BOOTMAKERS

Phillips' Patents Ltd.,
142-146 Old St.,
London E.C. 1.

McAfee's

38, Dover Street,
Piccadilly, W. 1.

GOLF SHOES

Fitted with McAfee's rubber studs which give a perfect grip on either wet or dry soil.

Recommended and Worn by

VARDON
BRAID
TAYLOR
RAY
MITCHELL
DUNCAN
HERD
WHITE, Etc.

Alan McAfee Ltd. A. B. McAfee, *Sole Director.*

YARDLEY'S
Eau de Cologne

is delightful as a Spray or Handkerchief Perfume, and most refreshing in the Hand Basin or Bath. The charm of this famous brand is the beauty of its clean delicious fragrance.

PRICES.
2 oz. 3/6, 4 oz. 6/6, 6 oz. 9/6
Wickered Bottles,
10/6, 21/-, 42/-, and 80/- each.

Of all Chemists and Stores and from

YARDLEY,
8, NEW BOND ST., LONDON.
Perfumers and Fine Soap Makers since 1770.

Save the cost of a new Velour

By having your old Velour or Felt Trilby Hat re-shaped and renovated

This will cost you from

4/6 to 7/6

Including New Band and New Leather.

Your hat will be returned to you equal to new. Compare this outlay with the cost of a new Velour to-day.

Stitch your name and address inside the crown, roll your hat up and post it to us. We will then advise you as to the exact cost.

CLERICAL HATS ALSO RENOVATED.
N.B.—We do not renovate Gent's Silk Hats or Hard Felt Bowlers.

Only Address—
THE DUNSTABLE HAT RENOVATING CO.,
Church St., DUNSTABLE.
The Largest Hat Renovating Firm in the Kingdom

Established 1785

GIEVES LIMITED

The Leading
Royal Naval Outfitters

SPECIALISTS IN MEN'S WEAR

Inventors, Patentees & Makers of the
"GIEVE"
LIFE-SAVING WAISTCOAT

ROYAL NAVY HOUSE
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(Piccadilly End)
W. 1.

By Special appointment to H.M. the King

TEA FROCKS FOR YOUNG LADIES
AT SPECIAL PRICES

All our Teafrocks are our own exclusive designs, and are made by our own skilled workers from high grade materials, and the cut, shape and finish are invariably excellent.

YOUNG LADIES' TEAFROCK in good quality Crêpe de Chine, with fine pleated frills of same material, finished at neck with tiny fold of gold tissue. In all light colours.

SPECIAL PRICE
84/-

Debenham & Freebody
(DEBENHAMS LIMITED)
Wigmore Street.
(Cavendish Square) London.W.

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BAIRNSFATHER'S OWN WEEKLY

THE PAPER WITH
THE RECORD SALE

AN IMMEDIATE AND OVERWHELMING SUCCESS

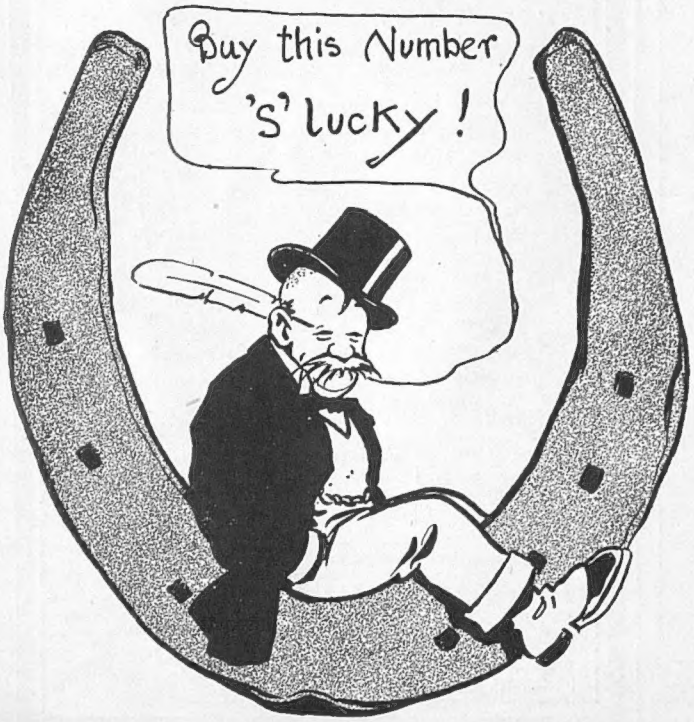
No. 1 was bought out of curiosity.

No. 2 because No. 1 was "good enough."

No. 3 because No. 2 was "even better."

No. 4 because No. 3 was "the best yet."

No. 5 beats No. 4, so make sure of it by ordering at once from your bookstall or newsagent.



PRICE
TWOPENCE

ON SALE
EVERYWHERE

Published every Wednesday by the Proprietors of "The Graphic" and "Bystander," Tallis House, Whitefriars, London, E.C.4.

That Point is rigid

The lead is made absolutely rigid by a patent grip that obviates the annoying "wobble" experienced when writing with an ordinary pencil-case.

Among other noteworthy features is, that the writing point is obtained and maintained by means of only two or three turns of the lead pointer or sharpener which screws into place when not in use.

The leads themselves are of an unusually long length, 2in. and good grade.

BAKER'S

REGISTERED TRADE MARK.

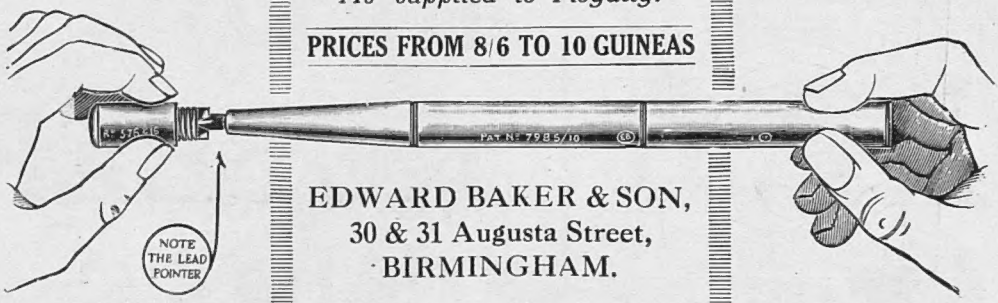
POINTER PENCIL CASES

As supplied to Royalty.

PRICES FROM 8/6 TO 10 GUINEAS

This super pencil-case is made with magazine to hold 8 leads (as illustrated at top) or without magazine (as illustrated below) in 18ct., 15ct. and 9ct. Gold, and Silver in various patterns,

These Baker's "Pointer" pencil-cases are sold by the leading Jewellers and Stores who will supply illustrated price lists, or lists may be obtained with the names of nearest agents from the manufacturers.



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30 & 31 Augusta Street,
BIRMINGHAM.

The "QUORN" Ladies' Waterproof Coat and Overskirt.

"Playing round in Stormy Weather."

Specially designed for Golfing, Shooting, Fishing, Etc., and to meet the vagaries of an uncertain climate. Extremely light, it can be carried in a small waterproof envelope provided for the purpose. Either Coat or Overskirt can be adjusted in a few seconds.

PRICES:

Coat and Overskirt Complete	**£5 5 0**
Hat to match	**21/6 extra**
Coat only	**£3 10 0**
Skirt	**£2 2 0**

Measurements required: Bust, waist, sleeve from centre of back to length required (arm bent), and length of skirt.

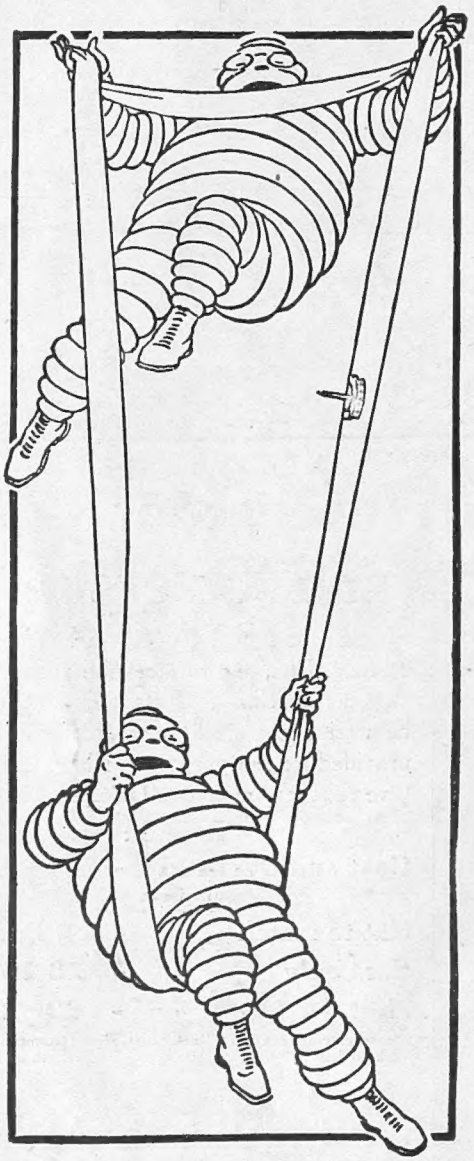
TURNBULL & ASSER

By Appointment to *H.M. Queen Alexandra*

71 & 72, JERMYN ST., LONDON, S.W.1.

Telegrams: "Paddywhack London."
Telephone: Gerrard 4628.

MICHELIN



RED RUBBER TUBES

Made in One Quality Only

The Best

Ask your dealer regarding their service.

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Officers'
POLO BOOT

PERFECTLY BLOCKED

Tan Willow Calf, Real Hand Sewn.

£8 : 8 : 0

Sizes and Half Sizes in stock ready for wear. They will take a brilliant polish or can be left dull.

MILITARY BROCHURE.
The Officers' Guide to Footwear.
Post Free on Request.

W. ABBOTT & SONS, Ltd.
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(Opposite Swan & Edgar's)
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LONDON & PARIS.

A UNIQUE WATCH: A SMART WRISTLET

The Inventor of this Wristlet first studied the object it had to perform, the wear and conditions to which it would be subjected, and then he produced this new attachment, which we do not hesitate to recommend as THE BEST. The long-shaped centre connections cause it to grip without doing so too much; the curb chain at either end is purposely of an open curb pattern, made to lie flat on the arm and permit the free flow of perspiration; each link is solid and strong. We are anxious that you should try it for yourself; but to help us ensure an exact fit please send a strip of paper the *total* circumference of your wrist, and mention the width of your watch from A to B (see illustration).

The "SUBMARINE" Wrist Watch is outwardly formed of three sections — body, back, front; these two last are fitted with fibrous washers which, once the case is screwed together, serve to seal each junction. The finest dust cannot enter; efficient protection is given against exposure to a thorough downpour of rain. This watch is fitted with a reliable Swiss movement whose escapement is absolutely non-magnetic. The dial is jet black, visible in the dark, and covered with an extra thick glass cemented into its seat. For a good all-round watch at a reasonable price we recommend it to you.

SILVER, with leather strap. **£4 10s.**

Ladies should specify the narrow model. It is especially smart and unusual.

SILVER Burnished £1 1s. 6d. Oxydised £1 4s. 0d.

9ct. GOLD Gents' £5 10s. Ladies' £4 10s.
including postage.

You can have either the watch or wristlet on approval. If for any reason you are dissatisfied a refundment in full will at once be made.

BROOK & SON, Goldsmiths to His Majesty, 87, George St., EDINBURGH, N

UNIVERSAL HAIR Co

ESTABLISHED 1895.
WEST END BRANCH—1, BERNERS ST., OXFORD ST, W. 1.

TRANSFORMATIONS LIGHT, GREY, PALE & AUBURN SHADES ARE CHARGED EXTRA

ANY DESIGN TO ORDER.
PRICE ACCORDING TO QUANTITY OF HAIR, 84/-, 63/- and 42/- with NATURAL PARTING from 5 Guineas.

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF ORNAMENTAL HAIR-WORK UNDERTAKEN AND CAREFULLY AND PROMPTLY EXECUTED.

SWITCHES OF PURE HUMAN HAIR.

inches.	
16	4/3
18	5/9
20	7/9
22	11/9
24	18/9
26	22/9
28	30/-

ANY LENGTH TO ORDER.

THIS PRETTY TOUPET PRICE ONLY 30/-

SMALLER SIZE 21/9 WITH NATURAL PARTING from 2 Guineas.

FOR GOODS ON APPROVAL SEE OUR DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE.
Post Free.

ADDRESS MANAGERESS: **80-84, FOXBERRY ROAD, BROCKLEY. LONDON, S.E. 4.**

REMARKABLE
ATTACHÉ CASE VALUE

QUITE A NEW PATTERN

Real Cowhide.

Saddler Sewn.

Size 14 x 9 x 3¾

Made from Real Hide, Tan Colour, lined inside green, Real Leather Pockets for Stationery. Leather bound book. Leather Cornered Writing Board, Loops for Pen and Pencil. Pockets for Cards and Stamps, fitted Stationery complete. Two Locks and Key. Two Straps over Front Pockets which secure Papers. Really a charming Case. *Will wear for years.*

27/6 POST FREE in the United Kingdom.

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Kensington High Street, London, W.8

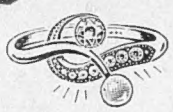
Diamonds increase in value

The value of Diamond Jewellery continually increases. At

Saqui & Lawrence's

there are innumerable opportunities of securing admirable investments in the lavish display of charming and distinctive designs offered at practically

wholesale prices.



Fine Pearl & Diamonds **£8 8s.**

Diamond Crossover **£5**

Diamonds & Sapphires **£10**

Fine large Diamond **£10**

Diamond Cluster **£14**

Exquisite Diamond Marquise Ring. **£20**

Exquisite Diamond & Ruby Pendant **£15**

Write for Art Catalogue of Jewellery, etc.

Principal London Addresses:

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LIVERPOOL ST.: Opposite Great Eastern Hotel.

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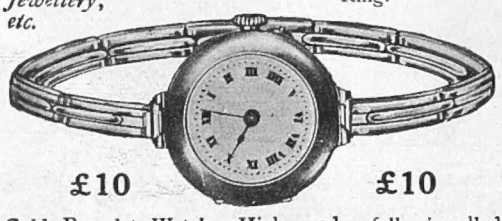
178, STRAND: Opposite Aldwych

HAMMERSMITH: 3A, King Street

Also at

EASTBOURNE: 110 Terminus Rd.

BRIGHTON: 57 North Street, Op. Clock Tower.



£10 **£10**

Gold Bracelet Watch. High grade, fully jewelled lever movement. Five years' warranty.

Saqui & Lawrence LTD

See the magnificent display at

Piccadilly Circus (Corner of Shaftesbury Avenue).

FIRST GRADE FROM 35/-

You *can't* possibly get wet in the Mattamac

19-OUNCE Featherweight Waterproof

A "Mattamac" is identical in appearance with the usual four-guinea Weatherproof. In utility also, it equals its much-more-costly Competitor. It wears as long, weighs one-third, and is absolutely Waterproof. Light and compact-folding, Windproof, Chillproof, and Wetproof, a "Mattamac" is *ideal* for Holiday Wear. Get one for the Summer

19 OUNCES WEIGHT [FIRST-GRADE]

Three ounces heavier than an umbrella.

35/-

Postage paid in Great Britain; extra abroad. Made in 11 Models—Ladies', Civilian, Sporting, Cavalry, and Infantry. To order, please state Model needed, Height, Chest Measurement over waistcoat, and enclose remittance.

FOLDS INTO A HANDFUL

"Matta" Fabric is intensely strong and exceedingly compact. The Coat worn by the 6ft. Civilian beneath, when folded, just made this handful.

This is an actual photograph of his hand and "Mattamac" and the Illustrations beneath are, in each case, direct Drawings from Photographs of ordinary stock "Mattamacs."

Thrown over the arm, the 19-oz. "Mattamac" is almost weightless. It can be carried as easily as an umbrella, or folded to fit into the jacket pocket, or Attaché Case, when the Sun shines.

"MATTA" FABRIC from which "Mattamac" Weathercoats are entirely made, is a light-weight, closely-woven, intensely-strong and compact-folding material. It is hard-wearing and absolutely waterproof—so waterproof that even wind-driven rain cannot penetrate a "Mattamac."

6 SHADES. 40 SIZES. The "Mattamac" is made for **Ladies** and **Gentlemen** from **35/-**, and for **Children** at prices according to size.

Conduit Street, its Birthplace and the Overcoat centre of the Universe, is represented in the graceful, tailored "hang," wide skirt, easy Raglan shoulders, and roomy under-arms.

Each "Mattamac" has wind-strapped adjustable cuffs, perpendicular pockets, lined shoulders, is conscientiously finished in all details, and is guaranteed to be made entirely from the genuine all-weather-proof "Matta" Fabric.

Wide-Skirted Khaki Cavalry (22 oz.) Model, **49/6.** *With Belt, etc.,* **57/6.**

Infantry Khaki Model, **35/-**

Drawn from actual Photographs of ordinary stock "Mattamacs." Either Model, **35/-**

Belts alone (2½ oz.), **5/-** *extra; Belts and detachable Shoulder straps (3 oz.) for Military Models,* **8/-** *extra.*

You *can* pay twice the price and get a Coat which does not look so well.
You *cannot* get a more surely-protective Weathercoat at any price.

SENT TO YOU ON SEVEN DAYS' FREE APPROVAL.

You can satisfy yourself about a "Mattamac" in actual wear. Each Coat is sent out on the understanding that it can be returned within 7 days in exchange for the full purchase price should you so wish. You take no risk whatever in buying.

"MATTAMAC" ART BOOKLETS SENT POST FREE.

Send a postcard for the "Mattamac" Booklets **"Series 43 Q,"** and free patterns of "Matta" Fabric. The Series illustrates the Town and Sporting Models (**35/-**) for Ladies and Gentlemen, the wide-skirted (22 oz. weight) Cavalry Khaki "Mattamac" (**49/6**), the Khaki Infantry Model (**35/-**), and the new Belted Models (from **40/-**) for Ladies, Cavalry, Infantry, and Civilians.

Write for Booklets **"Series 43 Q"** including prevailing shades of "Matta" Fabric, Ordering Forms, etc., to the Sole Makers of "Mattamac" Stormproofs,

PEARSON BROTHERS

45, Stanton House, **CONDUIT ST., LONDON, W.1**

The admiration of everyone

"La Naturelle" is the production of the famous French posticheur — Monsieur Georges. It differs from every other transformation, in that *detection is absolutely impossible.* When worn with a parting, it is positively natural in effect—the hair has the appearance of growing from the scalp. If you want a transformation which you can wear fearlessly, you *must* have "La Naturelle." An imitation would but cause you annoyance, disappointment, and further expense.

Visit our salons and see "La Naturelle" for yourself, or send to Dept. 12, for an "appro." selection or **Catalogue de Luxe.**

Toupet from 4 Guineas. Full Transformation from 12 Guineas.

(The "Times" system of instalments is available.)

Maison Georges
40. BUCKINGHAM PALACE RD. LONDON S.W.1.

Mr. Pallyman at Play.

"Play you for cigars, Pallyman."
"Oh, make it interesting, old chap."
"Pall Malls then, how's that?"
"You're on, that's my idea to a *Tee*."

Sportsmen agree that Pall Malls are really a privilege. They are often a definite help in forming a decision. Made of South Carolina Tobacco, perfectly matured, blended by Mr. Louis Rothman's master hand, Pall Mall Cigarettes are naturally the Superior Smoke.

To realise just what a good cigarette *should be*, get an introduction to "Pall Malls" *to-day*.

In tins of 20 for 1/4

Also in 10's, 50's, *and* 100's.

ROTHMANS
Pall Mall
VIRGINIA CIGARETTES
"In the Little Grey Tins"

Of all High-class Tobacconists, or direct from L. ROTHMAN & Co., 5, Pall Mall, S.W.

STYLE 4165.
A Box Calf Oxford, medium toe.
PRICE 38-

WHEN looking for footwear economy, remember that price is not everything. You must have durability and comfort. You get these—and more—in Saxone Shoes. Sound materials and the closest attention to every detail in manufacture make Saxone Shoes the final choice of every discriminating man. Try a pair at your nearest Saxone shop.

SAXONE

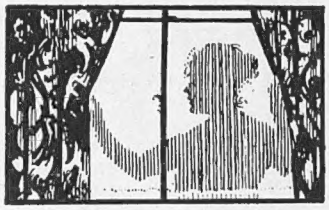
(Regd. Trade Mark)
Shoes of Durability and Comfort.

Sold only by THE SAXONE SHOE CO. LTD.

LONDON: 5 & 6 Coventry Street, W.1; 231 Regent Street, W.1; 56 & 57 Strand, W.C.2.

CENTRAL ENGLAND: Birmingham, Leicester, Nottingham, Coventry, Sheffield, Leeds, Bradford, Halifax.

And all large towns in—NORTH ENGLAND, WEST AND SOUTH ENGLAND. SCOTLAND AND IRELAND.



SUNDOUR UNFADABLE FABRICS

Always Carry an absolute Guarantee

How grievously disappointing it is to see good material quickly rendered useless by the fading of its colour.
This cannot happen with Sundour Fabrics because Sundour Colours are absolutely fadeless and indestructible.
These Fabrics are made in Reps, Damasks, Chenilles, Madras - Muslins, Tapestries, Prints Rugs Etc.

Of all the best Furnishers

Morton Sundour Fabrics Ltd (Trade only) Carlisle.

THRESHER & GLENNY

(Established 1755)

CIVIL AND MILITARY TAILORS

and Breeches Makers

BY APPOINTMENT

Any of the following Lists are sent on application and will be found useful as an indication of costs

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HUNTING AND POLO	. 2
TROPICAL	. 3
MILITARY	. 4
NAVAL	. 5
ROYAL AIR FORCE	. 6
DIPLOMATIC & CONSULAR	. 7
MINISTERIAL & CIVIL	. 8
LIEUTENANCY	. 9
COURT DRESS AND LEGAL	. 10

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SAVILE ROW · W·1
conveniently and centrally situated for the West-end between Bond Street and Regent Street

152 & 153 · STRAND · W.C.2
next to Somerset House close to the Temple and Law Courts and within easy distance of the City

INDIAN & TROPICAL OUTFITS
Officers Sportsmen and Civilians taking appointments in India British East or West Africa or any part of the world, supplied with full particulars as to clothing and equipment suitable to the climate
Outfit details from the Strand

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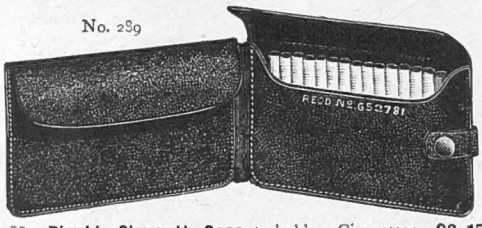
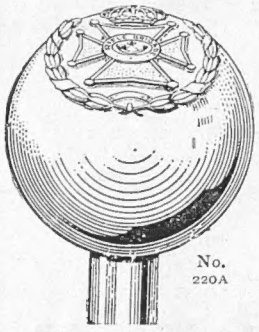
AND
152&153·STRAND·LONDON·W.C.2

No. 289



No. 288.—**Pigskin Cigarette Case**, to hold 30 Cigarettes **£0 15 0**
No. 288A.—Ditto, lined silk **1 1 0**
No. 289.—Ditto, ditto, superior quality, lined pigskin ... **1 5 0**
No. 290.—**Combination Pigskin Cigarette Case and Tobacco Pouch** **0 17 6**



No. 220A

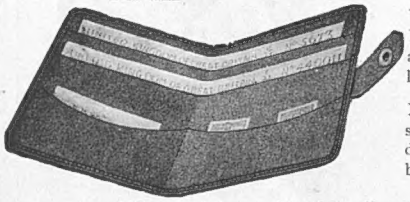
SWAGGER STICK.

No. 220A.—Ebony, silver ball and tip, with Rifle Brigade or K.R.R. crest embossed **£1 15 0**

No. 220B — Ditto, Malacca Cane, with any regimental crest embossed to order (a large number of sticks with various regiments' crests embossed always in stock) ... **£1 15 0**

No. 220C.—Ditto, Ditto. with plain silver ball and tip **£1 2 6**

TREASURY NOTE CASE.



No. 2111.—Treasury Note Case, very soft and flat, in pigskin, lined silk .. **£0 15 0**

No. 2112 —Ditto, fine sealskin, black, brown, dark green or dark blue, lined silk **£0 17 6**

Packing and Postage, Inland 1/-, Abroad 1/6 extra.
Send for **NEW** *Illustrated List of Military Equipment.*

SWAINE & ADENEY,
By Appointment to H.M. the King,
185, PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.1.

The Bystander, August 13, 1919. No. 819. Vol. LXIII.

The BYSTANDER

"TAKE A SEDATIVE, MY MAN"

ENTERTAINMENTS.

EMPIRE, LEICESTER SQUARE. Second Year.
Nightly, 8.15. Mon., Wed. Sat., 2.15.
The J. L. Sacks, Limited, production
"THE LILAC DOMINO."

COLISEUM. (Ger. 7541.) 2.30 and 7.45 p.m.
ETHEL LEVEY, TAMARA GAMSAKOURDIA & ALEXANDRE DEMIDOFF, WEE GEORGIE WOOD, BRANSBY WILLIAMS, RONNY JOHANSSON & EINAR NERMAN, DORIS ASHTON.

HIPPODROME, LONDON. "JOY-BELLS!"
ALBERT DE COURVILLE'S 9TH HIPPODROME REVUE.
TWICE DAILY at 2.30 and 8.30.
(REVUE starts at 2.50 p.m. and 8.50 p.m.)
GEORGE ROBEY, Leon Errol, etc.

PALLADIUM. OXFORD CIRCUS, W.
Managing Director, MR. CHARLES GULLIVER.
Always the best Variety Entertainment in London.
Three Performances Daily.
2.30 6.0 8.45
Programme commencing Monday, August 11.
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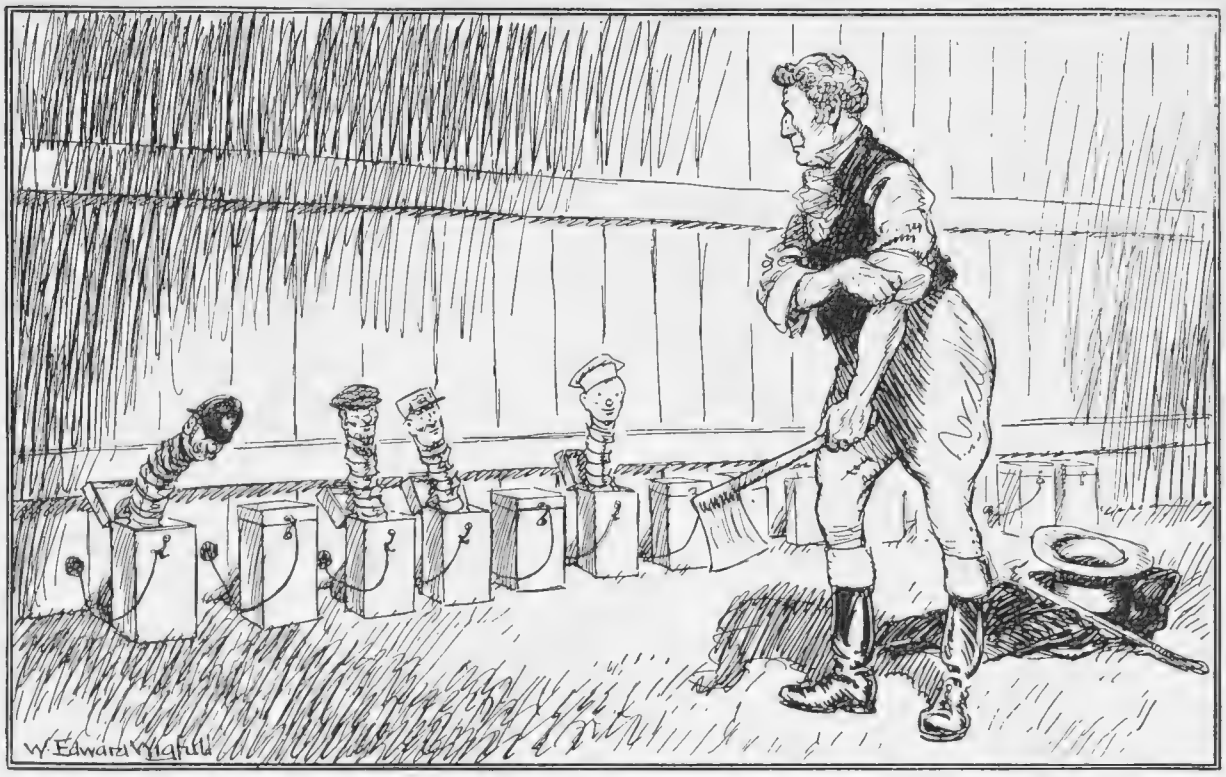
POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow: To any part of the United Kingdom, 1d. per copy. Canada, under 1½lb., 1½d. To any other part of the world the weight would be ½d. FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH and STAMP correctly all Copies so forwarded



WHO'S PULLING THE STRINGS?

JOHN BULL: "It appears to me it's about time I found out who's behind that fence!"

BYSTANDER COMMENTS

Couldn't We?

COULDN'T we, just for once, you know? Isn't it within the bounds of possibility? Don't you think we might, just by way of a change? Haven't we deserved a little boon like this after all the trials and troubles of the past five years? Must it go on for ever and ever first in one thing, then in another, and now two or three at a time, and I suppose later on four or five, and so on and so forth, like the permutations and combinations of our youth? In other words, couldn't we contrive somehow to go without a strike *just for one little week?*

Strike-Breaking at Home

IN point of fact, last week gave us four at once, so we are getting along quite nicely. First the police (a dud), then the South Western (also a dud), and the City and South London Tube (not exactly crowned with success), and, lastly, the bakers (rather more serious). However, the bakers' strike has had at least one good effect, that it has caused a good many housewives who had not previously gone seriously into the matter to consider the possibilities of home-baking, and home-baking is not so difficult an affair as many folk seem to think. It is quite clear that here, at any rate, is a trade in which strikes can be broken without much difficulty. Home-made bread, as we all know, is the best of breads, and though the art of making it is a lost one at the moment in the towns, I fancy Englishwomen will not be hard put to it to find it again in case of necessity!

Domestic Economy

I MAKE no apology whatever for this little excursion into the realms of domestic economy. It is a branch of knowledge into which most of us, in the troublesome times before us, may have to penetrate much more deeply than has been necessary in the past—even in those months, not so long gone by, when the attainment of even the most ordinary necessities of existence was a matter of considerable difficulty—except for the profiteers and the "wanglers" (incidentally, often synonymous terms!). And talking of profiteers, one is inclined to wonder what was really behind the quaintly sudden decision of the Government "to cut the cackle" (of the official enquiry) "and come to the 'osses" (the profiteers themselves) last week?

"Trust the Government!"

IT'S a tragic state of affairs when a nation like our own, boasting the best *form* of Government in history is unable to trust its own leaders. And we can't. Take the new Profiteering Bill. Its main clauses, we are told, have been "under careful consideration for some time past." And the Enquiry Commission had only been at its labours for a fortnight when the "bombshell" (that their services were no longer required) was cast among them! If the Government recognised long ago that "profiteering" existed, why go to the bother and expense of setting up a Commission only to give it its *congé* a little later on, before half the work has been done that it was set up to do?

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

What Happened?

ONE of two things appears to have happened. Either the authorities suddenly got complete "wind up" at the aspect of the industrial situation and came to the conclusion that immediate and drastic action was necessary as a "sop" to the public, or a similar kind of "wind" blew from another direction—that the evidence which would come before the Commission on profiteering in the near future if it carried on with its work would be—well, "inconvenient." One would almost be led to think that the Military Service Tribunals of a year or two ago were the very finest models of justice and equity that the country has ever seen!

WHERE ARE THOSE WILD WOMEN TO-DAY?

On the Safe Side

IT is not often I go into the City, except when I get Sir John Oxton to improve my mind, but yesterday, as I came out of my banker's after once more failing to arrange an over-draft, I ran into Diddlebury. "Hullo, Didd," I remarked. "What are you doing here? Collecting funds for the anti-vaccinators? Buying aerated water shares? But no, it was an insurance office you came from. Are you giving your heirs additional reason for rejoicing in your ultimate removal?"

"Do not trifle with me, Sir. Foresight is a cardinal virtue, and one must be prepared."

"For all things except war, eh, you little-Navyite?"

"For all things, Sir. Now that we groan under a Coalition Government and that the people are being goaded into rebellion, it is well to arm against strife and civic trouble. I have not insured my life, as you suggest. I have taken out a policy against disorder."

"Riots!" I gasped. "Didd—how much did it cost you?"

"Half a crown per hundred pounds. Such, Sir, are the results of Lloyd-Georgeism."

After a moment I replied: "*2s. 6d.* per £100! Do you realise, Diddlebury, that the company is betting you 800 to 1 there won't be trouble for you? Well, Grand Parade was an outsider for the Derby, and all you could get was 33 to 1 If the Fenchurch Street bookie is laying 800 to 1 on Ll.-G. keeping us cosy, well, Didd, I say, like the admiral: "Sleep soundly in your bed."

The Fare and the Bill

"YOU know, Sir John," I remarked, as I heaped on my plate a third helping of *bombe glacée*, it's all very well for you to be optimistic. You can gorge yourself with caviare, truffles, boiled ostrich, and wash it down with Mumm '92, but we little ones are nervous since Mr Roberts tells us food will be. controlled, I mean dearer, same thing, this winter."

"Well," replied Sir John, "it's not my fault. I'm a profiteer, I know. I've got seven houses and eleven cars, but still I'm doing what I can. Food s not dear because of me, and it s not only the fault of your friend, Bill Gawber, and the criminal wages he demands. It's the exchange, my dear Clarence."

"What's the exchange to do with rashers?"

"Just this. We buy our rashers from America. The exchange is against us, so that for every twenty-eight British pennies we get only twenty-five pence worth of U.S.A. bacon."

"Then what's to be done? bar grow our own pigs?"

"Pull up the exchange; take off the trade controls; let me export to the States. I'll sell them pocket-books, knives, forks, and the works of Sir Hall Caine. What they owe us will bring down the exchange, and your bacon will cost less."

The 'Bus Business

"I'M gettin' (scarlet) well fed-up with all this gas about 'buses," remarked Bill Gawber. "It's boards 'ere, and ministries there, and all the same Mrs. Gawber got 'er face pushed into the

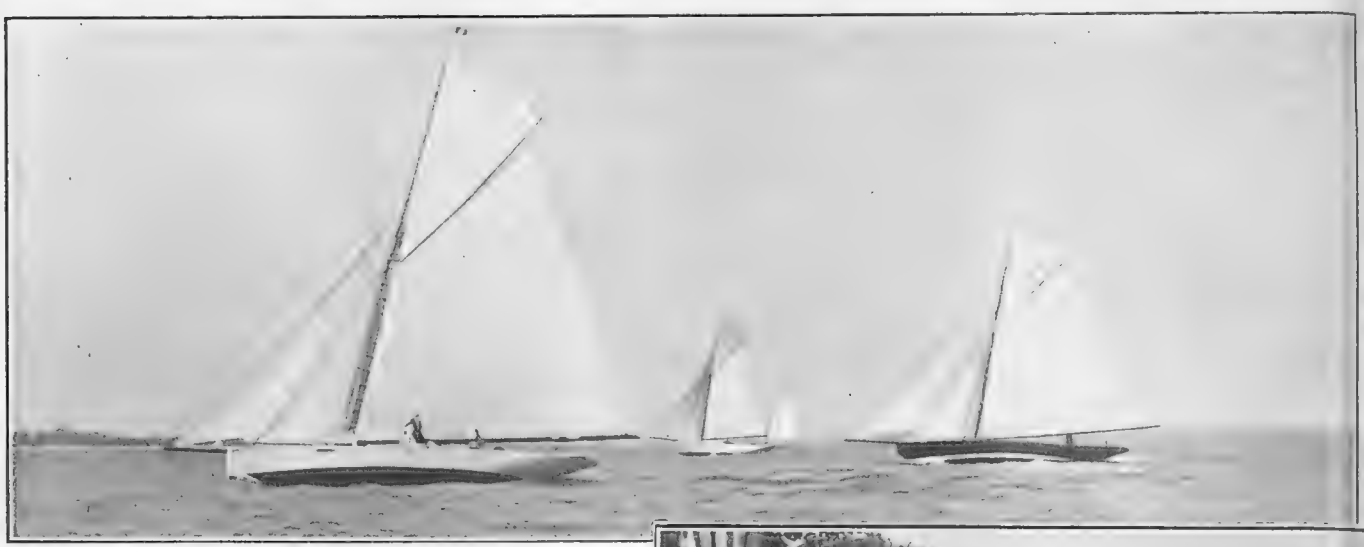
(Continued on page 432)

The Landing of the White Prince

CANADA, AUGUST, 1919

(His popularity had already flown the Atlantic and ensured the warmest welcome Canada can give)

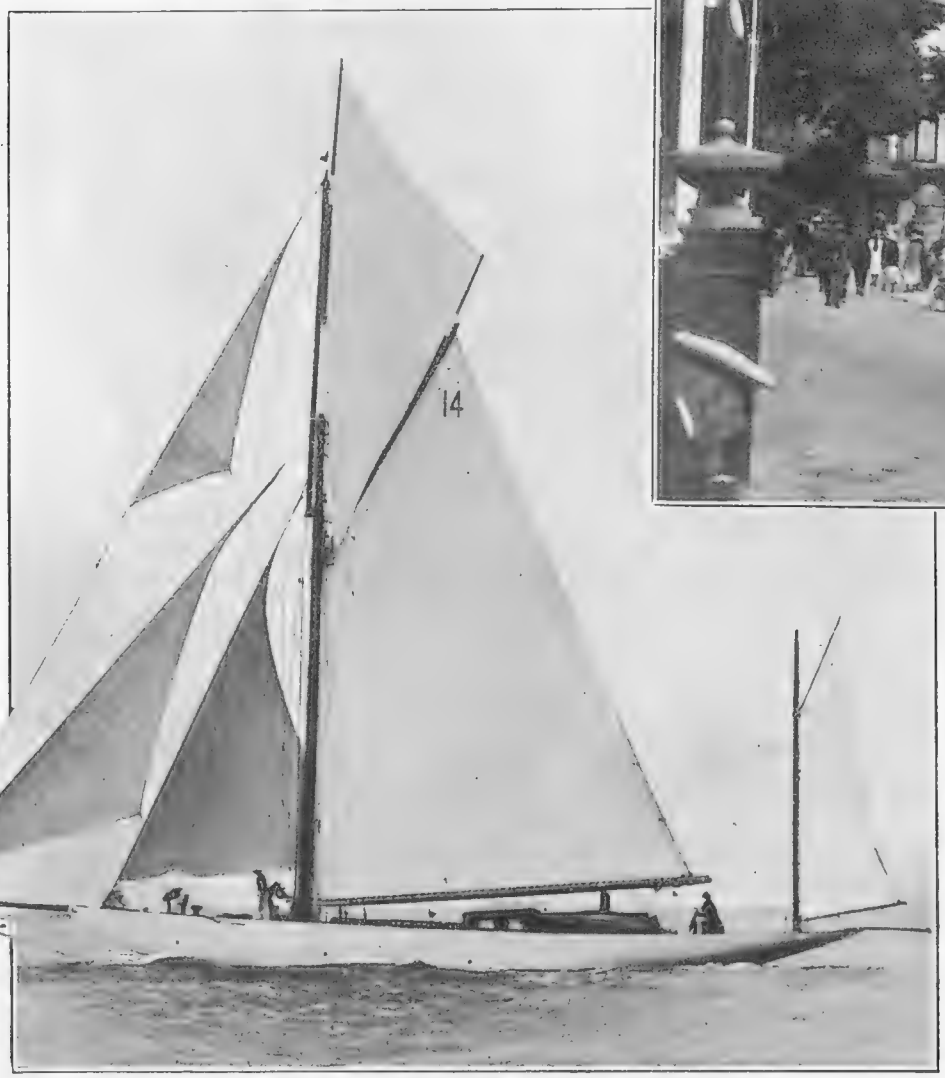
Cowes Comes Into



THE YACHTS IN THE SECOND HANDICAP CLASS
For boats between ten and twenty-five tons. (Left to right) "Guenora" (Mr. F. A. Roberts), "Cooya" (Commander A. H. J. Hamilton), and "Bamba" (Mr. M. Arbuthnot). Of the three races sailed by them, each won one

THE "GRAND STAND" AT COWES
On the Promenade

Inset · Mr. J. R. Payne's "Carlotta" (28 tons), the smallest of the bigger boats. She gained two thirds

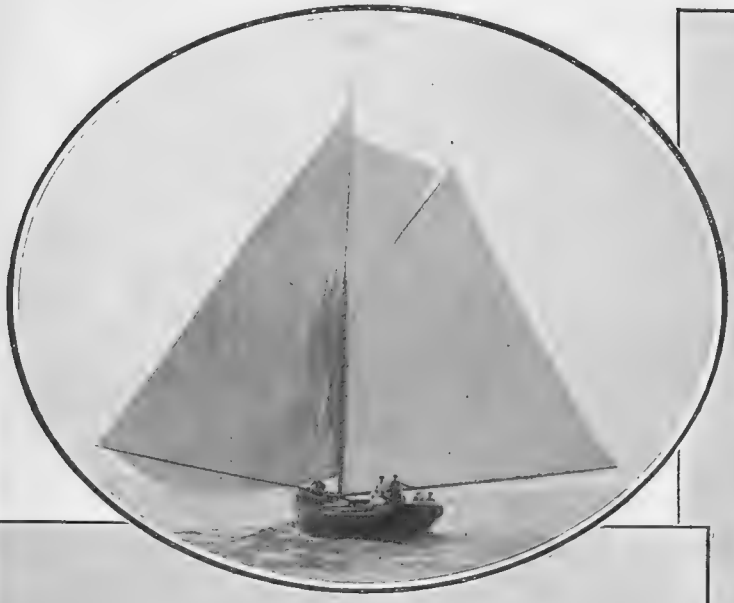


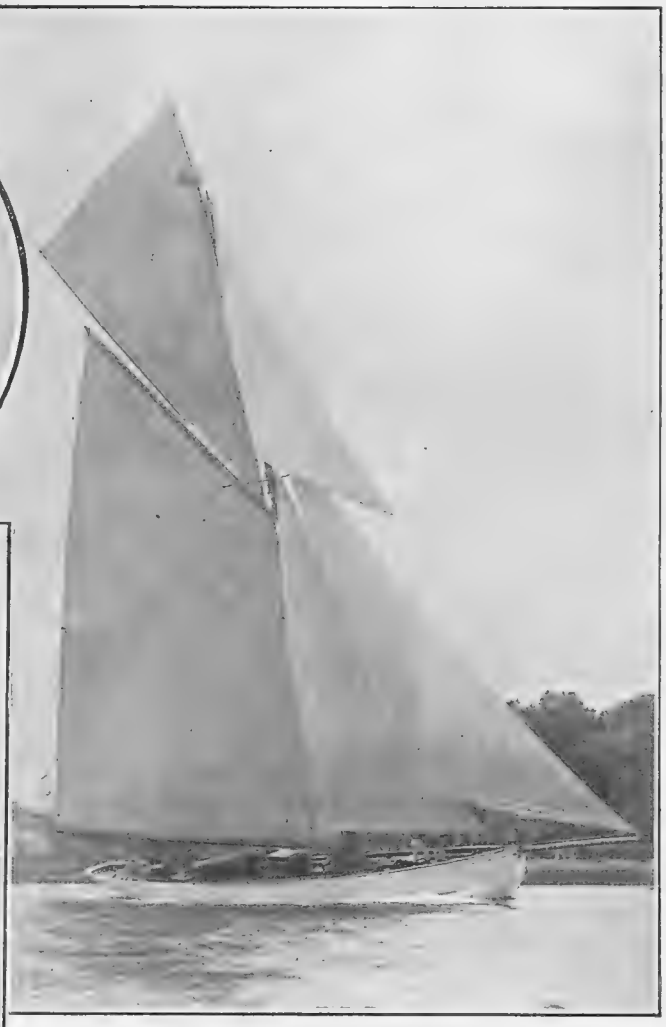
MR. F S. HOHLER'S YAWL "CELIA" (48 tons)
A dual winner in the first handicap class for yachts of any rig exceeding 25 tons

The crowd watching "Thanet" as she rounds the mark boat opposite the R.Y.S. Castle

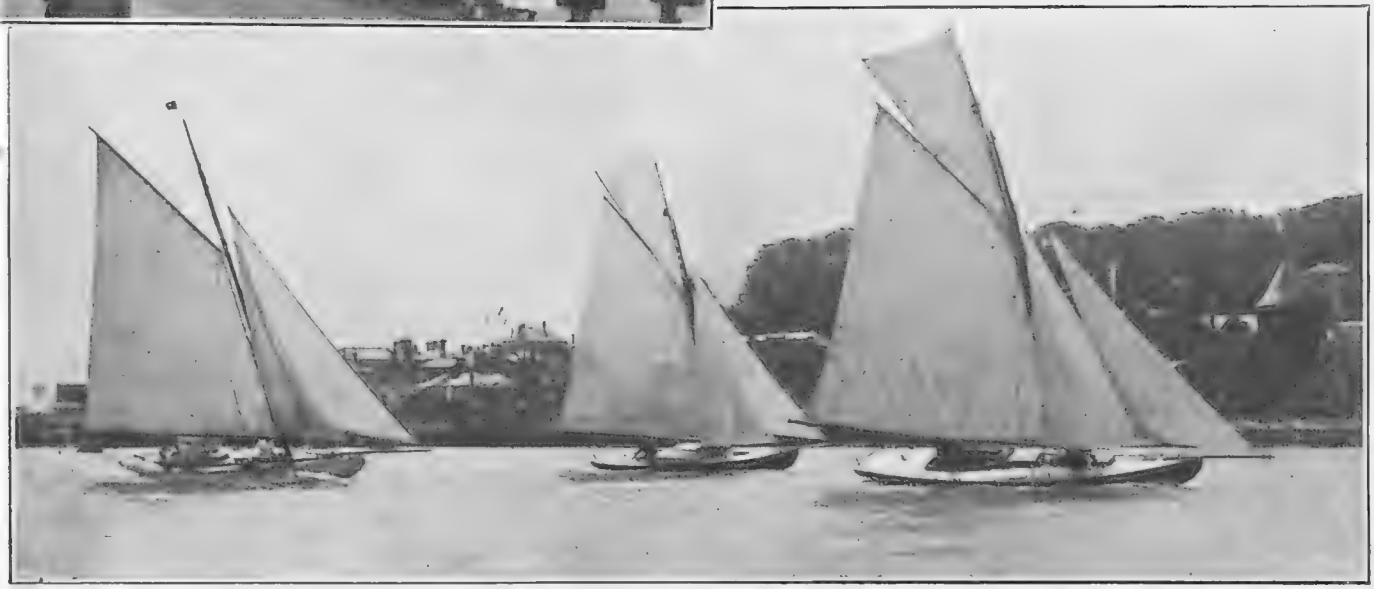
One of the drawbacks of fine weather from a yachtsman's point of view is that it is also apt to be too calm, but at the revival of Cowes Regatta last week there was bright sunshine and wind enough to make the racing thoroughly enjoyable. It has, of course, been impossible to revive the glories of "Class" racing, for nearly

Her Own Again





MR. J. W. COOK'S CUTTER, "THANET" (42 tons)
She finished first in each of the three races sailed by the bigger boats, but lost two of them on the handicap to "Celia"



COMPETITORS IN THE HANDICAP FOR YACHTS UNDER 15 TONS. (Left to right): "Mazurka" (Colonel R. Sloane Stanley), 'Alannah" (winner) (Mr. P. L. Waterlow), "Bryony" (Mr. C. E. Nicholson). "Alannah" also won the two races for the Solent one-design class

all the "class" racers have been sold during the war, but in their absence the racing in the handicap classes and the one-design class provided excellent sport. Some comments on the racing, in which the majority of the competitors are illustrated above, appear on p. 465

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

tomatoes as she was bringing 'ome in the Number 6. This 'ere Jones Kennedy or wotever 'is (irradiated) name is, 'e wants a new board to shove me out of 'Olborn when I goes joy-riding with my nephew as drives a brewer's van. Now wot I wants to know is wot we want a (purple) Jones Kennedy board for when we're paying Sir Eric Geddes five thousand a year? 'Oo's miking? Geddes or the Jones Board?"

"Bill," I said, "your observations are pregnant with sagacity."

"Can yer spell sagacity?" asked Bill, contemptuously.

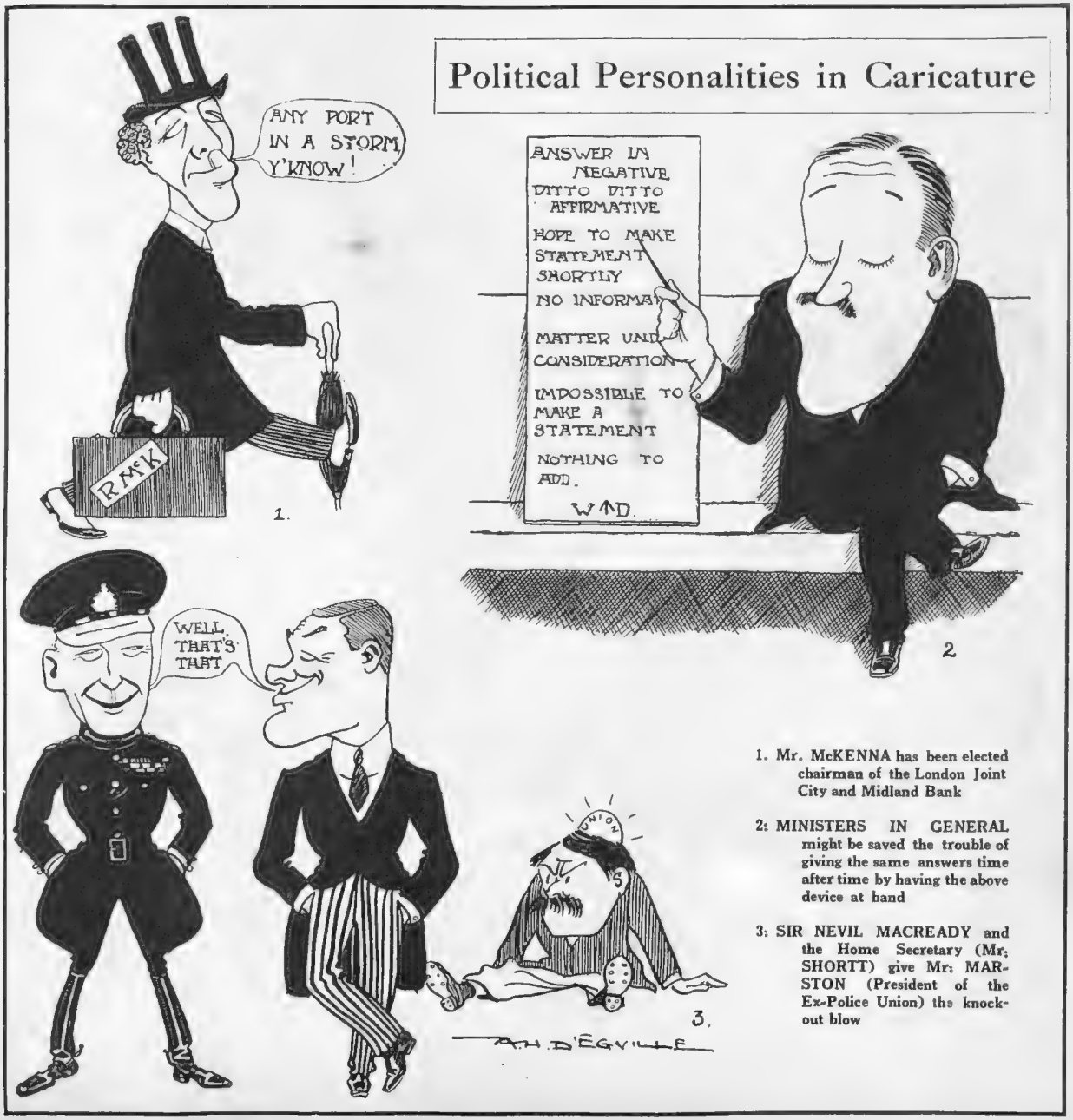
"Don't be offended. I agree with you. We don't want any more boards; for one thing we can't find them any lodgings. I'm with you, Bill. Traffic is a Geddes job. His department will tackle it, and then we'll all be happy. Perhaps."

"Made in Germany": How Not to Do It

WE are a funny people in some ways. There is a Department (observe the capital letter) which is called the Disposal Board. It is doing a sort of wholesale merchant work in selling Government War Stores. In England it is putting alluring advertisements in the newspapers, but in Belgium it is pouring immense profits, heaping them up with a shovel in fact, into the pockets of anyone except Englishmen. In Belgium there were large stocks of German goods at the conclusion of war. These were promptly seized by the Belgians and placed under lock and seal. They have been sold at prices that make you feel dizzy. Think of twopence for a bent-wood chair, sixpence for an enamel bucket. O, ye harassed housekeepers and brides and bridegrooms-about-to-be! But the Disposal Board could not allow English purchasers. Oh, dear me, no! The goods had the German marks upon them, and it was, therefore, impossible to allow them to be bought and resold in this country! What do you think has happened? Dutch, Belgian, and other buyers garnered where the English buyers were not allowed. Those goods will come to England, and

(*Continued on page 434*)

Political Personalities in Caricature



1. Mr. McKENNA has been elected chairman of the London Joint City and Midland Bank

2: MINISTERS IN GENERAL might be saved the trouble of giving the same answers time after time by having the above device at hand

3: SIR NEVIL MACREADY and the Home Secretary (Mr. SHORTT) give Mr. MARSTON (President of the Ex-Police Union) the knock-out blow

"Who are the Profiteers?"

UNIVERSAL QUERY OF THE MOMENT.

THE OLD MOTHER: "Who said profiteering? It seems to me 'taint only one class that does a bit o' that these days!"

BY LOUIS RAEMAEKERS

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded)

we shall be buying them, notwithstanding the "foresight" of the Disposal Board, for the simple reason that the foreign buyers will obliterate the German marks and just stamp "Made in ——," whatever country they belong to, in their place. I am told that the whole business represents a clear million of profit.

Royalty-Worship in Excelsis

I WONDER if history will repeat itself when the Prince of Wales visits America. But perhaps the fair ladies in the States have not the astonishing adoration for Royalty which marked their grandmothers. King Edward, when he went there as Prince of Wales, had some astonishing experiences, and his personal attendants had to be on careful guard lest his wardrobe should be depleted by enthusiastic, if unscrupulous, souvenir-hunters. But the limit of limits was reached in a town where he stopped for luncheon. Goodness knows how many dollars were paid for bottles of the water in which the princely hands had been washed. The hotel servants did a roaring trade. The passion for Royal souvenirs exists in England too, and some years ago one of our Princesses had to deplore the ruin of a fine lace flounce. Some ardent collector of such records of Royalty cut a large slice out of it, unbeknown and unnoticed, at a provincial function. When the ruin was discovered the Royal lady said, "If I knew who had done it I should be sorry that public whipping-posts have been abolished!"

Photograph *Sport and General*

AN EARL, A COUNTESS AND—A VISCOUNT

Together with the Ladies Alexandra (on left) and Victoria Haig. As all the world knows—and rejoices to know—Sir Douglas Haig has now become an Earl, and heartiest congratulations are due to him on the receipt of an honour so richly deserved. He is here seen with his family at Eastcote, Kingston Hill, Surrey

The Secret of the Boxes

So far, the enquiry into dormant bank balances has not yielded the hidden millions on which it was supposed the bankers made fat and profitable dividends. I remember hearing the late Baroness Burdett-Coutts describe the opening of some derelict boxes in the strong-room at Coutt's Bank—a little history suggestive of the saddest tragedy and perhaps the cruellest deceit. The boxes had been deposited at the bank by *émigré* nobles fleeing from the guillotine in the French Revolution. Years passed, no one claimed them, and the Baroness, thinking that perhaps there might be some indication of the descendants of the owners inside the boxes, decided to have them opened. The proceedings were carried out *en règle* in the presence of the Baroness and other partners in the famous bank. The boxes disclosed only dried-up cake and stones, in place of the jewels and precious stones they were believed to contain.

What Happened?

As the Baroness said, there were two explanations, either the unfortunate owners, with the *sans-culottes* perhaps battering at the *château* gates, had seized up boxes of food prepared for their flight in mistake, or that their servants, knowing the valuable contents of the boxes, had stolen them, putting the dummy boxes, deposited so carefully at the bank, in their place. One of her hearers suggested that perhaps the boxes had been sent to England in charge of someone who had betrayed his trust, and that their owners had perished on the scaffold. A curious story, isn't it?

The Navy's New Earl

AND HIS ELDEST SON ON BOARD THE FLAGSHIP "QUEEN ELIZABETH."

Sir David Beatty, together with Sir Douglas Haig, headed the list of last week's honours for great leaders of the Navy and Army, and becomes an Earl. He is here seen with his son, who is a midshipman.

Photographed exclusively for THE BYSTANDER by Humphrey Joel.

After the Boches (August 1914)—

— The Birds (August 1919)

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHE." Illustrated by HELEN McKIE

LONDON, *August* 11, 1919

DEAR COUSIN—

BRAVE of me, isn't it, now that August's here and there isn't a war on, to put London at the top of my letter instead of "At the Seaside" or "In the Country."

卐 卐

I'M merely avoiding the rush. And keeping out of the crush. And enjoying the calmth. And seizing the opportunity to carry on with a few of those amenities not indigenous to the season which it's rather nice to linger over without that depressing feeling that the world's simply rushing on—without you!

"Pussyfoot"

卐 卐

SUCH as reading—for from April to July one only reads when one's tired, and that way comes literary woolliness. And resting—*so* much better done in one's own home than on any holiday, even of the most restful. And washing the dogs. And indulging in a feast, instead of in snippets, of the company of such more congenial of one's friends as also linger in dear, dusty, war-worn London.

卐 卐

WHERE, though all the roads are "up" all round everywhere anyone ever wants to go to — almost marooned behind a barrage of pickaxes was, for instance, Claridge's when I picked my dusty way there, cars and taxis left *miles* behind, one day last week, and said of the state of my shoes what Lady Macbeth did about the spot—for those who know their way about there are, as aforesaid, still some pleasures, though they would be, perhaps, rather caviare to the general.

"All the roads are 'up'"

卐 卐

NEVERTHELESS and notwithstanding I'm not saying, you know, I wouldn't *rather*, now that

Again the lovely trees of England wear
Their richest robes beneath the summer skies

be doing what Sappho did when she—

. . . lay among the myrtles on the cliff
Above her glared the noon; beneath, the sea:
Upon the white horizon Athos' peak
Weltered in burning haze; all airs were dead
And far below
The lazy seaweed glistened in the sun;
The lazy sea-fowl dried their steaming wings;
The lazy swell kept whispering up the ledge,
And sank again. Great Pan was laid to rest. . . .

卐 卐

BUT living was so *easy*, wasn't it, in those anacreontic days? No railway strikes or hotel profiteers or muzzling orders and things, and must have been the *toppingest* climate when Venus held her court and—

. . . trod the brine all bare below the breast,
And the green waves but ill-concealed the rest.

the while, so's the party shouldn't lack the necessary click, there were—

Bowls that turn'd enamour'd youths to beasts
And by his mother stood the infant Love
With wings unfledged; his eyes were banded o'er;
His hands a bow, his back a quiver bore,
Supplied with arrows bright and keen—a deadly store.

卐 卐

IN our time to get away on a holiday, oh! the *fearful* effort—and the positively *crushing* expense! To begin with, trains and taxis scarce *and* dear, and either of 'em liable to go on strike any old minute. And the trials of travel surmounted, into the very hot-bed, the positive *nidus* of profiteering you fall once the "pleasure-resort" of your fancy is reached.

卐 卐

AND really I don't know *who's* to blame 'em, do you—the last words in profiteers, for their beastly profiteering, I mean? Making hay while the sun shines is a proverbial—or is it Biblical?—saw we've all imbibed as gospel from our youth up. And we also learnt that great Jove himself cannot give us back those lost opportunities with which the roof of Hell is made. And never has the sun shone more brightly or the clouds loomed so darkly as here in England now!

卐 卐

OR the great B.P. gone in such coagulated clumps on its inevitable holidays that it *must* have, though it works, I suppose, on the whole, less hard than any other great people in the world. Here's a short precis of last week's holiday scramble—

Seasides staggered. . . . Lodging capacities strained to breaking-point. . . . 50,000 people, mostly from London, are holiday-making at Yarmouth. . . Clacton

was quite unable to accommodate its 35,000 arrivals. . . . At Scarborough the crowds beat all records. 3,000 people arrived at 6 a.m. on Saturday morning, and from then until late at night train arrivals never stopped.

卐 卐

Must take a long breath and start another paragraph—

Sofas and bathrooms were snapped up by stranded visitors, and then lots could not find a bed. . . . At Blackpool are 300,000 visitors. Hundreds after a fruitless search for a resting-place return home. . . . Hundreds walk the streets all night, hundreds sleep in shelters and on the sand-hills and the cliffs, the police allow a few hundred women and children to sleep in the police station. Ramsgate has overflowed. . . . Margate is crowded out, people sleep in the shelters, and queues in the morning wait their turn to get into the sea. . . .

卐 卐

Poor sea! Makes one feel quite sickish, doesn't it? Something about masses of people that nauseates quicker than anything, for the crowds that love crowds are like the people who hum—they do it to conceal their own awful and pathetic littleness.

"—In the hands of the flappers punting"

卐 卐

But what a country, eh? The resilience of us! And the way warnings pour from off us more easily than water from a duck's back. "We are reaping the whirlwind," perorates a peevish (new) peer, "the burden of the long war is upon us. . . . Huge debts, restricted exports, swinging taxation. . . ." But an orgy of expenditure is the fashion. . . ."

"Signs certainly are most annoyingly ominous"

卐 卐

With a lot more to the same effect from every authority in the kingdom—and no one cares a single dam! And if the worst comes to the worst—whose fault do you think it is? Why, yours and mine. Or, at least, that's how the Committee of the British Constitution (must be Pussyfoots, what?) Association put it acrost on us in the *Times* last week after the Liverpool *débâcle*.

卐 卐

Revolutions, they say, have always been made poss. by the apathy or inertia of the quiet majority. As in the days that were before the Flood, so will it be in the end of the world of civilisation and freedom (which is what'll happen if the Triple Alliance's threat of "direct action" comes off). They eat, they drink, they marry, they dance. . . . And the flood of revolution will overwhelm them. . .

卐 卐

Looks like as if we're all going down the road to red r-ruin together, doesn't it, the ruined and the ruiners alike? *Mais quoi faire?* Or what about it? *Rather* think, wouldn't one, with the King, that they will not fail in the hour of need, "the ancient and sterling virtues of the British people?"

卐 卐

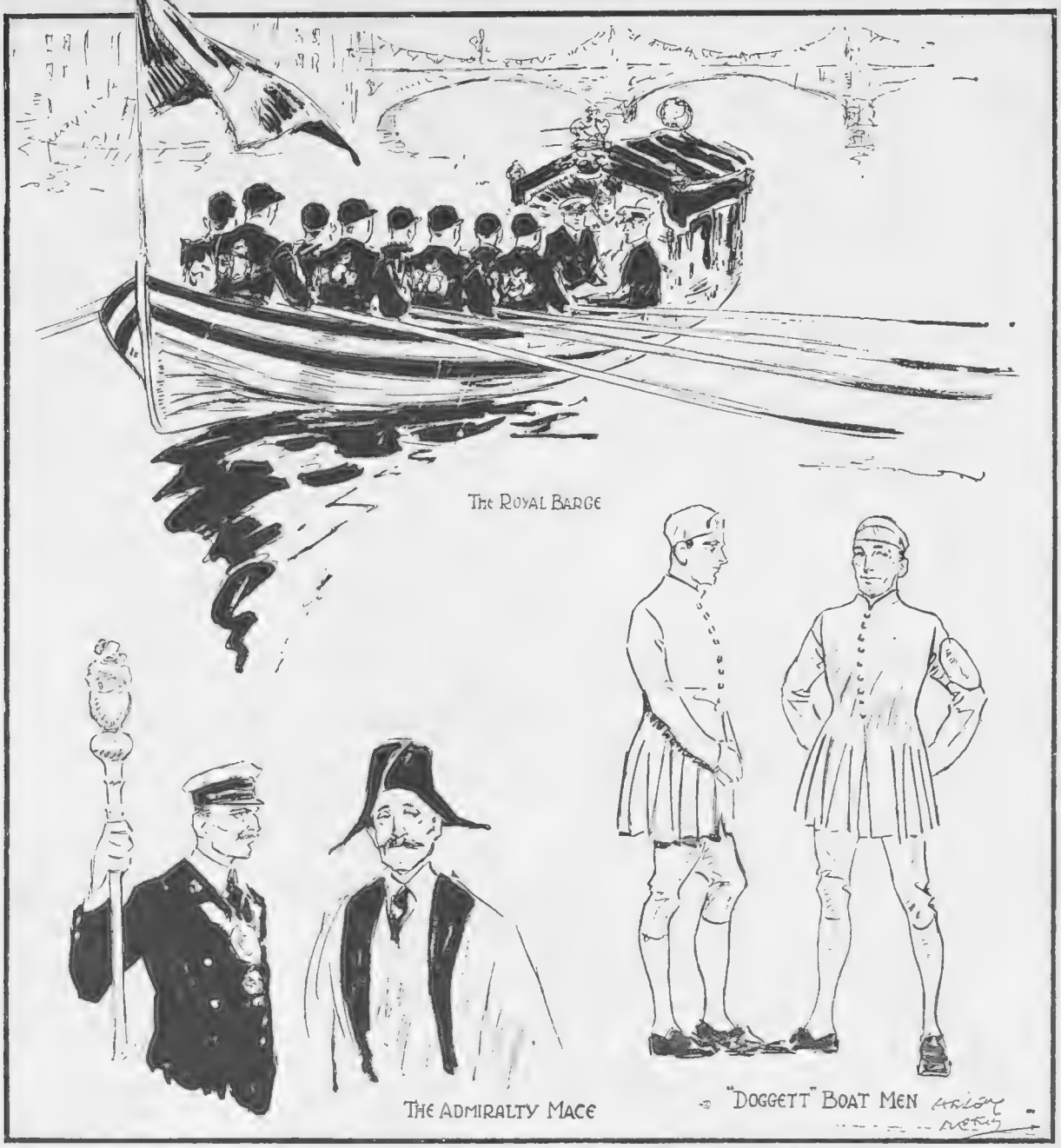
But signs certainly *are* most annoyingly ominous. And if coming events *do* cast their shadows before—can only believe we're *for* it, eh, what? Do hope, though, it'll hold off just for a bit, don't you? My nerves, flabby from the War (and even flabbier from the Peace), really aren't up to the spectacle of *much* more blood-letting, though I'm not sure a little home cupping wouldn't bring down the nation's temperature really sooner than anything.

卐 卐

Seems, too, that it's not only industrially that England's tone is faintly "blue" at the moment. Latest is, as I told you last week, that so stupendous is the congestion in the Divorce Courts they've all gone *en vacance* dead to the world, worn out, poor darlings, the Judges in that Division. Leaving behind them, for the autumn session, no fewer than 5,000 divorce suits, the parties in which are all apparently fairly *champing* at the bit—perhaps that accounts for the rush to the seaside. Gone there to cool their hot blood

卐 卐

Or is it a new form of Beauty Culture, this *dizzying* rush for fresh woods and pastures new in matters marital? "People are always so much nicer-looking when they're in love,'



THE PAGEANT OF THE THAMES: THEIR MAJESTIES GO IN STATE TO CHELSEA

August Bank Holiday was celebrated in London by the picturesque ceremony of the procession by water of the King and Queen in the Royal Barge from Custom House Quay to Cadogan Pier, Chelsea. We present above some impressions by Miss Helen McKie of the most salient features of the pageant

I've just read in a new novel supposed to reflect the spirit of our times. And, speaking personally, quite agree, don't you? Though it may be, on the other hand, that Quest of the Golden Girl, that Yearning for the Rosiest Apple on the Tree of Knowledge, that Something Round the Corner, that Panting for a Pathway among the Stars that's disturbed the even tenor of the life of man ever since the world began.

卐 卐

And the English are so *thorough*, aren't they? The men part, anyway. Typical, I thought, when a French soldierman was telling me last week a little tale about the British troops in Paris for the Peace Celebrations. They formed up, on the day of the march, in true British fashion, *hours* before, about five o'clock in the morning, and marched off, bands playing, at attention, not a man out of his place, though *with not a soul to see them.* My Frenchman thought it *wonderful. So* British. And didn't think a Frenchman *could* do it.

卐 卐

We *are* rather dears, aren't we? And not *only* the men. The most popular sight of all, at Cookham Regatta last week (where, by the way, I thought the future of England was all right—in the hands of the flappers punting, anyway), was the V.A.D. cox who steered the blind St. Dunstan's four to victory. A gallant sight. Four men for whom the light of the world had gone out—and a girl holding out for them the torch of comradeship untouched by coquetry. Ah, well! There *is* some good, I suppose, come out even of the war!

With love, yours ever, BLANCHE

The Time-Honoured Twelfth

A NOTEWORTHY REVIVAL OF THE SPORT OF GROUSE-SHOOTING

Concurrently with the appearance of this issue of The Bystander begins the revival of game-shooting, the 12th being the time-honoured date on which the campaign against the grouse opens on the moors. I say "revival" advisedly. A certain amount of shooting has, of course, gone on all through the war, and it has served the useful purposes of adding to the food supply and affording healthy and much-needed recreation for convalescent officers and those engaged on home service jobs; but shooting to the extent that it was carried on in pre-war days has been, like most other forms of sport, out of the question. Its devotees, speaking generally, have been otherwise and more seriously occupied. So that the 12th really marks its revival.

As in the case of other forms of sport, too, this revival is going to be no half-hearted one. The enthusiasm displayed in the desire to "get going" again has been most marked, and the demand for moors has never been greater. After all, it is only natural for a sportsman to return with increased avidity to pursuits which have been practically denied him for five long and weary years.

There is no doubt, then, that the guns are forthcoming in sufficient, perhaps even in more than sufficient, numbers. It has seemed as though there are hardly enough shootings to go round. But what about the supply of birds?

Here one must be prepared to be disappointed. It is well known that there are all sorts of ways in which man can aid Nature in the preservation of game. Much can be done, for instance, by draining the wetter portions of a moor and bringing water to the drier tracts; heather-burning, too, is very essential, and is quite an art in itself; if not done properly it is useless—in fact, worse than useless—and continuous and effective warfare against vermin of all kinds must be waged by the keepers and the gillies. It was by these and other means that most of the moors had been brought, before the war, to a condition which enabled them to carry stocks of birds far in excess of what would have been their capacity if left to themselves. These were progressive measures: Retrogression was bound to happen as soon as they were interrupted.

During the past five years things have consequently gone back. The moors have *had* to be left to themselves, and have suffered accordingly. Vermin have increased and multiplied at the expense of the birds; heather-burning has either stopped altogether or else has been carried out in too wholesale and unsystematic a fashion, and there are many large tracts—especially in Scotland—which will take years to recover their feathered population of pre-war days. Grouse disease, too, has been prevalent in some localities, and this, coupled with a succession of severe winters, followed by cold and rainy springs, has augmented the tale of depletion.

We must take it, then, as almost certain that bags, speaking generally, will be far lighter than they were in pre-war days. Scotland will probably prove to have been the greatest sufferer because the areas to be looked after are so much more vast than elsewhere, but even in Scotland there may be exceptions, while from Wales and Yorkshire reports are far more encouraging, on the whole, than might have been expected, and on some of the best Yorkshire moors the stock of birds has been well maintained.

Let us hope at any rate for the best, and be thankful for small mercies. May we not be sure that there will be more joy over the meagre bags of to-day than there ever was over the mighty ones of six and seven years ago? And how many will not be thankful to find themselves among the heather once more, be the sport what it may, when they think of the many good pals with whom they will never shoot again?

The Man Who Didn't Care

WHETHER NORTH-GOING RAILWAYS WENT ON STRIKE OR NOT

"If they *won't* let us leave the Town in the month of August, ——well and good!"

By HEATH ROBINSON.

The Twelfth: Grouse

1825—1830. SHOOTING OVER DOGS

Shooting—Past and Present

1919. DRIVEN BIRDS

By LIONEL EDWARDS.

"THE CINDERELLA MAN

AT THE QUEENS THEATRE

By "JINGLE"
Illustrated by HARRIS

THIS is a play about a nice girl who is very rich and who falls in love with a poor young man who writes things for a living. I do not know whether there is to be an epidemic of that sort of thing just now, but to be on the safe side I should like to mention that my address is with the Editor. The first act is taken up almost entirely by the details of Marjorie's home-coming. Marjorie is the nice, rich girl above-mentioned, and when I add that she is represented by Miss Renée Kelly you can take the rest of her charm for granted. Marjorie is the only child of Mr. Caner, a rather ominous name for a stern parent. She is a quiet and unassertive young thing, but she hasn't been in the family mansion ten minutes before she begins to make trouble in a mild way. The arrangement of the furniture in the library isn't homelike enough for her taste, so with the help of the butler she moves a table here and a settee there, and is getting on quite nicely till Mr. Caner returns to the room and tells them to put the furniture where it was before. It isn't much of an incident, but it provides Miss Kelly with a good deal of active exercise, and incidentally shows how horrid Mr. Caner can be when he likes.

SYDNEY VALENTINE as MORRIS

MR. CANER'S absence from the room was due to a strange cause. It should be noted that the scene of this play is laid in New York, and the old man went into an adjoining room to get a—cocktail! But I understand that that isn't being done in New York now since the Americans elected to become one of the subject races like the Turks and Arabs and Hindoos, and other water-drinking peoples. I think Mr. Caner ought to take us into his confidence and show us how it is done, as the information may be useful to us after Pussyfoot has done with us. When the cocktails have been discussed and the furniture question settled, a young man of the name of Nicholls calls to propose to Marjorie. He lays his fortune at her feet without a qualm, the more readily as it does not appear to be more than a couple of dollars, spot cash. He promises her motor-cars and operas and all the little extras of fashionable life if she will only be his. It is true that he has practically no money, and he has a constitutional objection to vulgar toil, but no doubt the old man will help them along for the first year or two, and after that I suppose he will get so used to keeping an

idle son-in-law that he won't notice it any more.

MARJORIE is highly flattered, but, as they say in another place, the answer is in the negative. Then a musical enthusiast comes in and gives Marjorie the score of a song he has just composed, and Marjorie sings it over and finds—the words are lovely. The musical enthusiast swallows the quite unintentional slight, and tells Marjorie that the words were written by a poor young man who lives in the attic of a tenement building adjoining the mansion. Marjorie goes to the window and looks at the attic in question, and you can see then that she has made up her mind to marry the poor young man for the sake of his lovely words and live happily ever after. And, as everybody knows, if a woman has made up her mind to marry you, you will save a lot of precious time and futile argument by going out and buying the wedding-ring at once.

IN the second act we see the poor young man in his attic. He is Anthony Quintard, represented by Mr. Owen Nares. Anthony is the son of rich people, but he declines to go into the family business as he considers he was cut out for a literary genius. So he is very, very hard up; but he has this advantage, that just as he is wondering how he can raise two dollars in order to get a meal, his bankers write to say that his current account stands at two dollars and seventeen cents, and as they don't do that class of business they will be glad if he will come and collect his property, as it is in their way. And while he is away collecting the dollars and cents, Marjorie appears at the attic window with a basket. It appears that there is a kind of footpath across the roofs from the mansion to the attic, and she has brought the young man some food in the hope that he will take notice of her. Bold, I call it, don't you? But of course, Marjorie doesn't mean it like that. She is such a sweet creature, and the least hint of a snub would send her flying back to her mansion. But she has made up her mind to capture the young man, and you can't debate with destiny.

AND so she comes and goes every day, bringing with her every time a liberal supply of rich food and taking back the empties. She gives the young man to understand that the

food is, as it were, crumbs from the rich man's table, to which she has access as the companion of the lady of the house. It would never do for him to know till the last act that she is the lady herself. The young man is competing for a prize for an operatic libretto, the amount at stake being ten thousand dollars. If he wins the prize he can get married, as even in these days you can get enough furniture for ten thousand dollars to furnish a room or two. And one day, just as the young man and Marjorie are sitting down to the usual chicken lunch the irate landlady of the establishment comes upstairs and raises her eyebrows very considerably. Also her voice. You know these landladies. If they find a hairpin on your hearthrug they want to know how it got there, and they look incredulous when you explain that you always keep some on hand to use as pipe-cleaners.

IT is unnecessary to explain that Marjorie is very much hurt at the landlady's remarks, which leave little doubt as to the opinion that she entertains of the "good fairy." This part is played in a fine style by Annie Esmond, who manages to get a deal of welcome humour into her aggressive ferocity. Quite a nice part is that played by Mr. Tom Reynolds as Jerry Primrose, a man who has come down in the world and is now the landlady's scullion and general drudge. But Jerry was once a gentleman's servant, and recognising Anthony Quintard as one of the breed he cannot help

MRS. GEORGIA DRAYSON
The popular Entertainer and English Story-teller, who has performed at over 1,000 Hospitals and Camps during the war.

waiting upon him surreptitiously just as he waited upon gentlemen in his happier days. The cordial relationship of the two men, while each properly keeps his appointed place, is very adroitly expressed, and Jerry Primrose is a man to love. Nicholls, the impecunious young man who was amorous in the first act, becomes more than usually impecunious in the third act, and even comes to Anthony to borrow a "quarter" because, having no money, he naturally wants to hire a taxi to run the length of the street.

MR. CANER is played by Mr. Sydney Valentine, who, as the ancients say, touches nothing that he does not adorn. Mr. Valentine has not a very large part—for two acts he is not on the stage at all—but one remembers his personality very distinctly after that of some of the other actors has become dim in the memory. A very charming character is that played by Mr. E. Holman Clark, who is always interesting. He represents a middle-aged friend of the family with nothing particular to do with the story, and yet somehow indispensable to its development. As for the story itself, as far as I could see it consisted merely of a number of details tending to emphasise the obvious, and I can only suppose that there is more in the leading character than Mr. Owen Nares has been able to extract from it. It is a pretty play, but like most pretty things I am afraid it is also a little delicate.

JINGLE

"LES ROUGES ET NOIRS"—THE FIRST ARMY TROUPE
Who are appearing for a short engagement at the Savoy. The Troupe was under the management of Captain Makeham in France, and a feature of the entertainment is a talented Corps de Ballet composed of soldiers who have seen service in the trenches. Captain Makeham is here seen in the centre of the picture

London's Favourite Ballet Dancer

Photograph *Elliott & Fry*

MLLE. THAMAR KARSAVINA

The well-known Dancer who has been appearing with her usual success for some time in the Russian Ballet at the Alhambra Theatre which recently came to an end—for this season, at any rate. In private life Karsavina is Mrs. Bruce, wife of Captain Bruce who is well-known in diplomatic circles.

SHADOWS IN

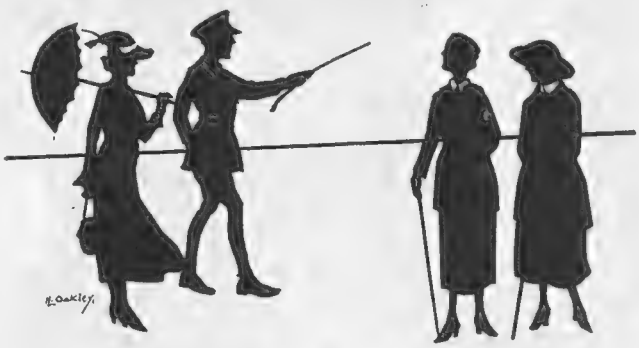
N WHITEHALL

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

In COLOGNE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN OCCUPATION

THE usual outbreak of demobilitis which coincides with any change in the international situation, now rages more fiercely than ever before. The lifting of the blockade, following so close on the signature of the Peace Treaty, brought a double crowd of junior officers seeking demobilisation, buzzing round "A" branch offices of all grades, from the A.G.'s holy of holies to the regimental adjutant's sanctum. An equally large crowd of more comfortably situated senior be-tabbed persons, threatened with the loss of good jobs, started the usual strenuous battle to find or make new ones. Regretful memories of a wonderful war, becoming every day more definitely moribund, were whispered in such hives of industry as the Monopol and Excelsior, and in such social resorts as the officers' clubs, "Joe's Bar," and other places where men drink. The only consolation, as a writer in our very own inimitable *Cologne Post* put it, lay in the fact that the "temporaries," having finished the dirty work, can soon be dispensed with now, and the Army settle down to "real soldiering" again. At the same time, our late enemy besieged the Railway Commission for waybills, which he can now get free from us, instead of, as during the blockade, at a cost of sixteen thousand marks from an expert way-bill forger. The gentlemen who, at the last moment, bought forged or stolen waybills, have naturally discovered in our sudden raising of the blocade another proof of Allied brutality in general, and Albion's perfidy in particular!



"The Glances of the English Girls"

NOT unnaturally, this freeing of his trade was celebrated by Fritz with more enthusiasm than was the signing of the treaty. The removal of our embargo on his drinking of spirits enabled him to do this pretty effectively, but as this embargo still applies to British officers and men, they could not join him, had they wished to. So while Fritz gulped down his whiskey-and-soda, the British officer looked on with a face as sour as the Rhine wine, which is here his portion. Verily, as Fritz is thinking, things have changed since our arrival. The lengthening of the café hours till ten, and street "circulation" hours till eleven, have made him very happy. If only his beloved opera, from which we have almost crowded him out, could be placed out of bounds to the British, the occupied Rhinelander would consider himself the luckiest of Huns.

"Our Late Enemy"

WE have already made one overture to him—the first official "frat"—by admitting him to our local Derby.

Cologne Races took place in the second week in July, and for the first time at any British sporting event, the Deutsches Publikum was zugelassen. Fritz and Gretchen were even allowed in the officers' enclosure, and availed themselves in fair numbers of the privilege. Even one or two rather self-conscious parties of English and Germans put in an appearance, but the glances of the English girls at any officer who talked to a golden-haired Rhine-maiden must have kept him from feeling the somewhat oppressive heat of the day.

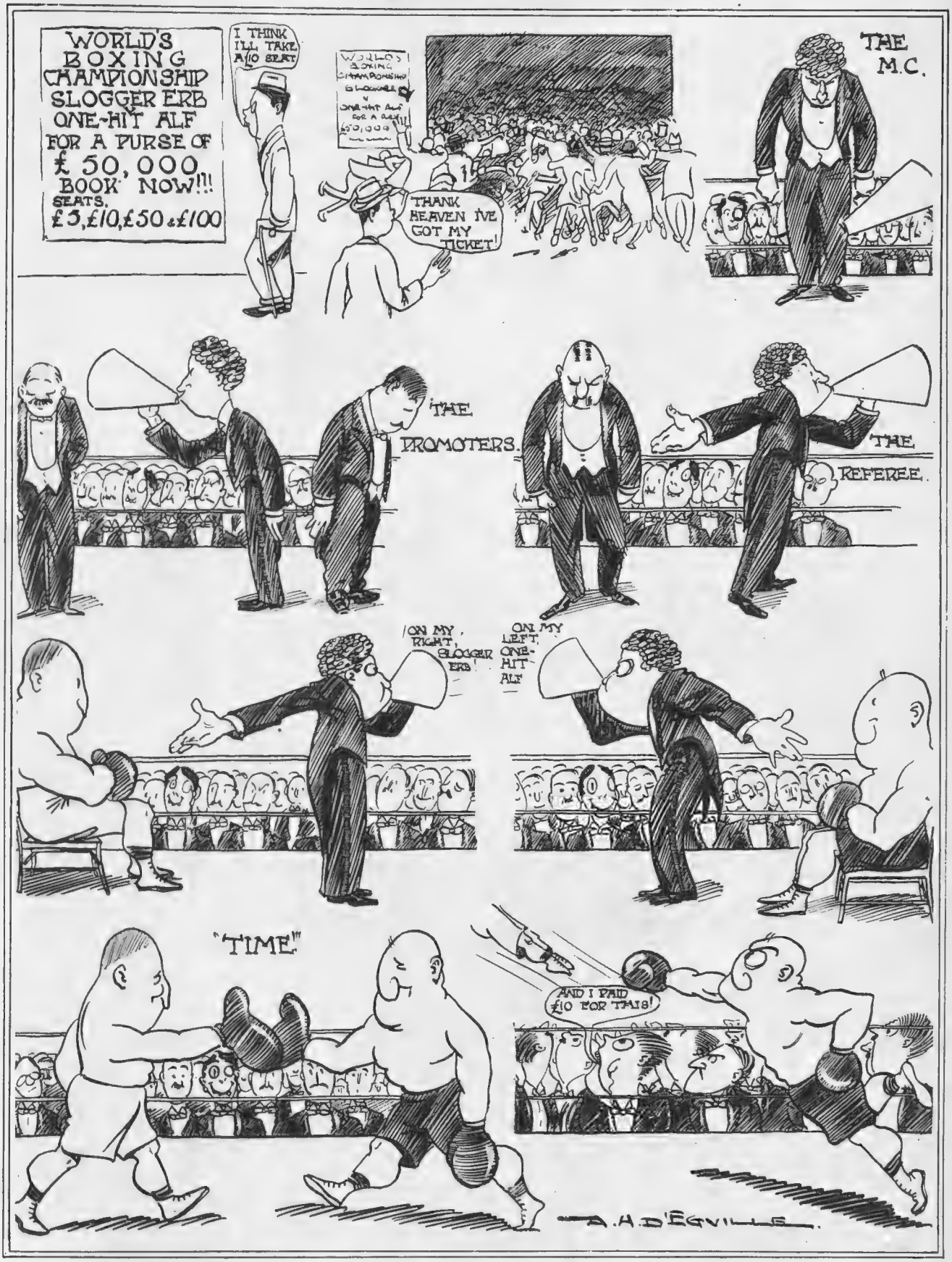
WHEN we first reached Cologne, last December, a good many superficial observers imagined that food was plentiful, because the cafés of the Hohestrasse displayed alleged cakes of wonderful Eastern sunset colour effects.

These were the people who did not stay long enough to taste one of these abominable flourless, sugar-less concoctions, or to see the little child skeletons who used to hang round the officers' messes for crusts and refuse.

Now, however, this popular fiction of food being plentiful has become a fact, and those who can afford to pay the enormous prices demanded can live nearly as well in Rhineland as in England. It will probably be several months before unoccupied Germany—which, until July 12, was still eating saw-dust bread and better-not-enquire sausage—reaches the same state. Here in Cologne, not only are we overwhelmed with the wealth of Rhineland's strawberries, cherries, and gooseberries (at about eight times pre-war prices) but the shops are filling up with all kinds of delicacies, including even the beloved Brödchen, those delicious little rolls costing two pfennigs in 1914, and thirty to-day. No doubt, a short course of these and other luxuries will restore to the Hun his national magnificence of bulk.

ERIC GORDON

That £50,000 Blow!



The duration of boxing championship fights would appear to be getting less in corresponding ratio with the increase in the price of seats for these matches. Above is a pictorial prophecy of what may happen in the not far-distant future

"On the Glad Waters

The Pilot

A Dinghy Race

Making a Passage

THE SPORT OF YACHTING

IN SOME OF ITS MANY PHASES

By W. E. WIGFULL.

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

"What Would the Neighbours Say?"

By LESLIE O. KENT

"THIS will have to stop!" thundered old Simon Tressor.

His eyes wandered disapprovingly round the room, with its Oriental tapestried hangings and soft carpets and cushions, lingered a moment in disgust at the disorderly litter of wine-glasses, bottles, and cigarette-ends, and finally rested sternly upon his daughter, reclining upon a low ottoman.

"Is that a fit dress for a woman—and at mid-day, too?" he demanded, pointing at the loose kimono, over which the thick black tresses had tumbled in a disorderly heap.

"Oh, for mercy's sake stop!" replied his daughter, peevishly, picking a cigarette from a box.

The old man jumped to his feet, and stalked angrily up and down the room. His face boiled above his starched collar; the tails of his black frock-coat flew wide, like the wings of an avenging angel.

"I disapprove of such habits—strongly," he spluttered. "Your mother never smoked. Your mother never held drunken orgies till the early hours of the morning. I wish to heaven that you'd never gone on the stage, or at least that you'd never succeeded. . . ."

"Do you? I wonder if you know what happens to the unsuccessful ones? You wouldn't like to see me at their trade!"

"Stop, Vera! I refuse to listen to such words from a woman. And to think that I've slaved all my life, only to have my own daughter dishonour a respected name!"

Vera, a dimpled Madonna, with supple ankles, had made a decided hit in musical comedy. Her father, leading linen-draper, churchwarden, and ex-mayor of sleepy little Sellston, had consoled himself with the reflection that the stage was a profession—until the previous night. Then he had come to town on a surprise visit, and blundered into a supper-party at the flat. The surpriser had been surprised.

"That for your dignity!" said Vera, with a contemptuous snap of the fingers. "Give me Bohemia!"

"Tinsel, madam, tinsel! The trappings of vice. Who'd think that you were bred in the country? What would Sellston say if it knew?"

THE RETORT FELINE

He: "Who is she in private life?"
She: "She hasn't any!"

"There you are!" was the malicious retort. "You're more concerned about what the neighbours will say than about the sunset over the Downs. That's your simple, natural country life!"

"I don't know," mused Simon. "In Sellston, Downs and sunsets seem to become part of a man. But we had to live in the world, and we've no right to sneer at the world's opinions."

"Mere cowardice, Dad—moral cowardice! You're still in swaddling-clothes, and I've thrown them off! To Bohemia and freedom!"

She poured out a glass of wine, and drank it defiantly.

"You can't rule us with a rod of iron now, Dad," she continued. "I should think that affair of Ron's must have taught you a lesson."

"Don't let me hear that good-for-nothing's name!" roared Simon. "He's no son of mine."

"Melodrama, Dad. You're almost good enough to play heavy lead. If Ron bolted with a little of his boss's cash, it was only because you'd given him such a sad time."

"A common thief!" spluttered Simon. "It cost me a hundred pounds to hush it up."

"Poor old Ron! I wish he'd come back. I'd kill the fatted calf, and break a good old bottle too!"

"I won't stay here and hear that villain defended," screamed the old man, seizing his hat.

"Ron was only a rebel," declared Vera stoutly, as the door slammed.

Simon Tressor walked swiftly along the streets, but his pace gradually slackened as the air cooled his anger. Fierce rage gave way in turn to bitter mortification, to sadness, and finally to utter dejection. He wandered aimlessly all the afternoon; and slunk back to the flat with bowed head and drooping shoulders, just as his daughter was preparing to leave for the theatre.

"Goodness, Dad, you look half-dead," she exclaimed, "you haven't had any lunch."

She ran from the room, and returned with a laden tray.

"I'm not hungry," protested the old man. "I'm just lonely."

"Poor old Dad! You've stayed too long by yourself in that dead-and-alive hole. We'll have a good holiday together when this run's finished."

(All rights strictly reserved).

"BY THUNDER! I'VE GOT THEM DANGED BOYS THIS TIME"

"Good girl! Good girl!" muttered Simon absently.

She flung her arms round his neck, and kissed him impulsively. A sharp knock at the street-door muffled to a low thud by the layers of intervening curtains, made her start away.

"That's the post," she said. "There's just time to read it before I go."

She ran to the letter-box, and returned with a small envelope.

"Ron's writing, by all that's wonderful!" she exclaimed.

Simon went as pale as death, and clutched a chair as she tore the envelope and read, eagerly.

Suddenly she gave a cry of horror, and the letter dropped from her nerveless fingers.

"Merciful heavens! He's been caught this time," she moaned.

"Let me read it!" commanded Simon hoarsely. He stooped and picked up the letter.

"Ron, my own son, in prison!" he cried as he read. "'I'm writing to you because you're the only one who stood up for me. Don't tell dad'—don't tell his father —'You can visit me here'— Vera, we must go at once! Ron needs us."

"Oh, the disgrace of it!" sobbed Vera.

"He's your brother."

"But my career! Just think of it. I'm a public character. How can I own him? What would the world say?" LESLIE O. KENT

The BYSTANDER OVERSEAS

In PARIS

"Fin de Saison"

Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN

MES AMIS—

IT is one good thing that every year we do not have the victory and the peace. If it were so we would have little lives of two seasons like the birds, and then we would retire ourselves into the country for the rest of our lives

"Madame Odier"

to recover. Everyone—but, yes, everyone is *épuisé*, and I think how we are most glad that our season of the victory finishes itself. Listen, there was even a *maître d'hôtel* of the Place Vendôme who has said: "*Dieu Merci*, we shall not have this year the tourists. It is enough to have survived the Conference de la Paix."

FOR us of the old life it is very clearly that we do not wish again a season of the *victoire*. It has been like my uncle has said, a year phenomenal *mais sans confort et sans élégance*. A year of a big mixture, and the new Society of after the war.

HE has been very wise, our uncle. When it has approached our *grande semaine* he has said: "There has been the time when I would have thought that it should be a calamity to miss the Grand Prix, and the world would have remarked that I have not been there. But this year, *mes nièces*, I go to Vichy. It is the *jeune gens* who have won the war, and in this season of the victory there is not place for the old ones. And it is my idea I shall not be missed."

Tiens, he has had reason. It is most certain that no one would know that he has not been there. It has been every day at the Grand Steeplechase of Auteuil and the Grand Prix, and our other great races, what you call a "squash" like one has never seen. But everyone—everyone of all the nations and all Paris has come. Edouard, who knows all the world, has had the hand at his *béret* all the time. "Who is that?" Lucile has asked one time. "Le Duc de V——," Edouard has said. "He has been of my company as *caporal* at the front in 1916." And when it was another: "Monsieur et Madame Odier. Monsieur Odier has made more shells for the *soixante-quinze* than anyone in Paris. Now he is a millionaire and wishes to become a Minister. Before the war he has mended the bicycles in his shop at Neuilly."

THEN he has given the hand to a captain of infantry who has had many decorations: "And that one?" I have asked when we were parted. "It is the Captain Grosselin—*un brave*. He is the nephew of my *concierge*, and comes to visit her every Sunday when he finds himself in Paris."

WE are not snobs, Edouard and I. We have the good ideas of the Republic and the

"When they go to dance at the Moulin de la Galette"

democracy, but in the *pesage* of our great racecourses it is a something quite new to meet the nephew of the *concierge*, who is a captain, and the bicycle-maker of Neuilly, who is become millionaire in four years. One has been glad that our uncle has gone to Vichy. Paris is not any longer a place for the people with the old ideas.

"Even our workpeople . . . go now to the restaurants of the Bois."

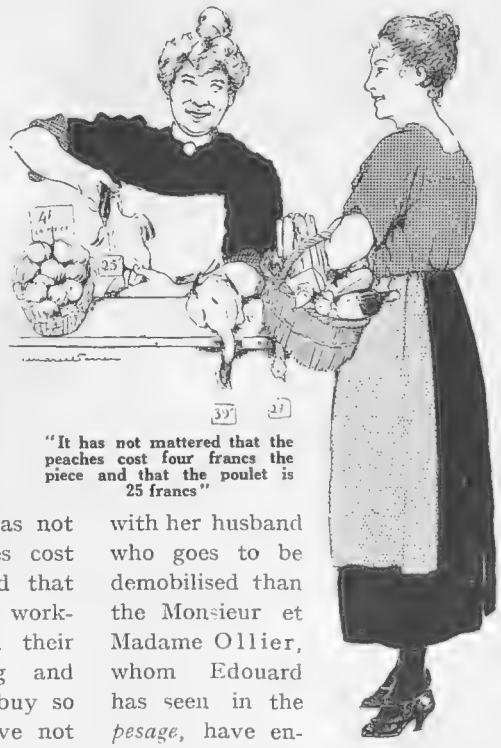
Parisian "Birds"

A STUDY IN ORNITHOLOGY

PERHAPS it will be by next year, as Edouard has said that everyone will be ruined to pay the big prices and our life will become again normal, but for this year it has been everyone's folly to pay for the things they have not had in the war, without ever to think of the cost. Even our workpeople, who have had all their lives the habit to save the *sous*, go now to the restaurants of the Bois, where the *apéritif* costs five francs, and drink the champagne instead of the *bock* when they go to dance at the Moulin de la Galette.

BUT for this one week that is passed no one has counted how much anything has cost. "The Boche go to sign!" When the news was come at once everyone has had the idea to make a big fête. It has not mattered that the peaches cost four francs the piece and that the *poulet* is 25frs. The working-people have all taken their *billets* from the stocking and madame has gone out to buy so good a dinner as they have not had since very long. In the *monde* they have made the same, and as well as to go to the races, and to dance how much very expensively everyone has eaten to celebrate the peace.

BUT I have thought that it has been, perhaps, more that Marie, the *femme de ménage*, who helps our old Léonie, has enjoyed to eat her chicken and *petits pois* with her husband who goes to be demobilised than the Monsieur et Madame Ollier, whom Edouard has seen in the *pesage*, have enjoyed the great banquet they have given to the new friends they try to make. It is those who have themselves fought who can be now most content of the peace, and not the wicked ones who have made so great fortunes.



"It has not mattered that the peaches cost four francs the piece and that the poulet is 25 francs"

AND now that all our rejoicing is over and one begins to have a little quietness, how one thinks that it is a miracle that one has lived. In the four years of the war there has been always a fear that has made the heart stop itself, and in the armistice there has been so much disquiet of the spirit that we have all done silly things without to realise what we have done. And now there will not be any more for us the Bertha in the day and the Gothas in the night, and there will not be any more the fear that our dear ones are fallen, and there will not be any more the idea that again the war will break out. One can compose oneself. It is that that is the peace, and it is that for which all our dear France longs more even than to rejoice—to be quiet in the heart and to have the great content to work again and to make our life of a wise happiness.

MES amis, when one feels like that one wishes to kiss one's friends—I send you my kisses.

Your friend,

AGNÈS

Glances at Blithe Bolshevia

BY THE BYSTANDER IN HELSINGFORS

THE Continental Bystander's chief impression of blossoming Helsingfors during his second week is that every citizen expects to have his throat cut. A new Red Revolt is coming. Not two years ago—to be precise, from January to April, 1918—Helsingfors' delectable citylet was held by combined Russ and Finn Bolsheviks, who slaughtered (if it's true) 3,000 *bourgeois*, and ravaged with Prussic zeal. After that, a White Army, led by *Rikesförestandare* (English, Boss) Mannerheim, in holy alliance with 10,000 Huns, defeated the Reds, and shot according as you're a little or a big liar) from 300 to 5,000. To-day (modest lying) 10,000 Reds are in gaol; but kind Premier Castren has promised to release (mere prevarication) 3,000.

THAT (with certain symptoms from blithe Bolshevia's frontier) is why Helsingfors hourly expects to have its throat cut. Bolshevia is Lenin's Russia. Once Bolshevicious, of course always Bolshevicious; and certainly the 3,000 amnestied will spur all other Reds to slaughter. True, the highly responsible chiefs of Finland's eighty-strong Socialist Diet Party promise the Continental Bystander that they'll stick to lawful ways; but cynics say that their 400,000 supporters are Bolshevicious at heart, and will prove it if they only get a chance. And chances they'll get. For the two greatest Finns now living are fierce and shaggy Bolsheviks, and one of them, just across the frontier in blithe Bolshevia, is brewing a new Red invasion.

THESE two heroes are Kullervo Manner and Matti Mersala. Manner is old and wary, and Matti is young and desperate; but otherwise they're much alike. When Kullervo Manner was Speaker of Helsingfors Diet he was praised by all as an immoderately moderate Socialist; but when the Red wave swept westward eighteen months ago he plunged into it, and for three bluggy months he was boss of Bolshevised Finland. On the Whites' winning he fled. To-day he sits with Comrade Zinovieff as duumvir in Petrograd, organising

After Five Years

OSTEND REVIVES HER RACES—AND HER GAIETY

M. ARMAND BETTE
Director-General of the Ostend Kursaal, with Mme. Fleury, the famous dancer.

A VIEW OF THE CROWDED GRAND STAND: AND (inset) CAPTAIN EVANS (left), COMMANDER FORBES WITH SOME FRIENDS

THE BYSTANDER OVERSEAS (*concluded*)

a corps which he's christened the "steel men," who have sworn to march on Helsingfors and overthrow Mannerheim.

A BRIGHTER orb by far is Matti Mersala. Merely to see Matti, the Continental Bystander made an all-night journey, for he'd heard that on Beloostrov Bridge, which joins dour Finlandia with Lenin's gracious realm, Matti was sitting, a-smoking cigarettes, a-manicuring his nails (he's a proper fop), and, incidentally, ordering fugitive Russian countesses to be hanged. For Matti lets no *bourgeois* leave Bolshevia. Matti was born a Finn; he is aged eighteen; when ripe fourteen he was a leading Bolshevik in Petrograd; when sixteen he was Tsar Lenin's confidant; when sixteen and a quarter he valiantly led a regiment in Finland's Red-and-White war. In April 'eighteen he boldly swore to hold Helsingfors against Prussian von der Goltz and conquering Mannerheim, and had not his Red underlings miserably skedaddled he would have kept his threat. But, instead, Matti had to fly himself, and in his regretted absence he was sentenced to death.

THE QUEEN OF SPAIN
At Santander Races with Princess Pio da Saboya

SINCE then eighteen-year-old Matti (which may mean Mathew) has been a great man in Bolshevia, and chief spirit in the propaganda-cum-bomb war against Imperialist-Finland. His rank is Commander of Red Troops in Beloostrov. Matti is tenderly bloodthirsty; if legend does not lie more than's usual, he kisses his warriors in fraternal Russ fashion one minute and hangs them the next. Being a proper fop, he is always dressed in latest Bolshevicious fashion — coquettish cap askew, well-greased boots, badge of the hammer and plough, and long black curls and finger-nails. In hopes of getting fashion tips for backward London, the Continental Bystander flew to Beloostrov.

IT turned out ill. After ten hours in the train the Continental Bystander reached Beloostrov. First, he passed a wholly Russ-looking villa-town, Terioki, chiefly notable for shops with cheeses and legs of ham painted on the door-posts, but no cheeses or legs of ham inside. Beloostrov lies in a sand-waste with sufficient pines and a rather delectable riverlet meandering twixt high banks. This is the "Sister River," blithe Bolshevia's frontier. After having his passport checked by three Finnish commandants (every Finnish town has at least three commandants), the Continental Bystander reached the marge of this frontier stream, and started across it after Matti Mersala. It was a fraud.

ACROSS the ravine he saw indeed Bolshevia, but no Matti. In fluent Russ (learned in Hackney) the Continental Bystander asked his Finnish guides where was Matti, famous Matti, Matti the Tooth, who used to sit on the broken bridge, manicuring his proletarian fists and ordering countesses to be shot. "*Neznayu!*" (which means "I don't know") was the Finns' gruff grunt. And the Continental Bystander learned that Matti never comes near the bridge. Helped by a Zeiss field-glass, which the Finn lieutenant vowed he'd got directly from Prussic von der Goltz, the Continental Bystander stared across the ravine at a little red loghouse of portly Russ design, with dishevelled gables, and listened while the Finn swore that legendary Matti was inside. That was the palace where foppish Matti manicured his hands with a Grand Duke's thigh-bone, shot incautious countesses, and planned a march on Helsingfors.

THE disappointed Continental Bystander returned to Helsingfors. When he got back he heard that seven Bolshevicious bombs had been found in the post; that five countesses had been shot; and that Matti Mersala had repaired the bridge and marched into Finnish Terioki, where he'd commandeered all the oats and face-powder. Whether this is true the Continental Bystander does not know; but in order to be on the safe side he is leaving Helsingfors to-morrow.

THE KING OF SPAIN GOES YACHTING
With the Duchess of Talavera. His Majesty may be recognised in the picture by his white yachting cap

Through a Martian Telescope

"Oh wad some Power the giftie gie us,
To see oursels as others see us!"

"Great Guns"

BY ROBERT ERSTONE FORBES

It was early in 1915 that an elderly M.O., wearing expensive boots and spurs, quite unexpectedly expressed the poorest opinion of my heart. He hinted that the Red Cross might find me something to do even if the Army could not, and within a week I was Somewhere in the Home Counties very busy indeed.

And it was while attempting to play the part of hospital orderly that I first heard the Guns—the Guns, I mean, in France. I heard them before the newspaper controversy as to whether you could hear them or not, started. Distinctly. So distinctly that I hardly worried to contradict those doubters who spoke stupidly of Woolwich. The guns I heard were in France, or if not in France, certainly in Flanders. Instinctively I knew they must be there. Steady, continuous practice throughout the night at an English testing station was not to be thought of. *My* Guns had long ago arrived in France, and were doing their duty without cessation.

I had arguments, of course. Our hospital was a great distance from the firing line, no doubt, but, as I explained, the British Channel acted as a sounding board. And my ears, unlike my heart, were remarkably good. I could hear a bat scream. Moreover, as I willingly admitted, it was really more of a question of *feeling* than hearing—just as the faintest *dum dub* like the sound of a heavy foot on a soft pile carpet in the next room.

"It is just a matter of keen ears," I said—after it had appeared that I was alone in my glory. "In Kent they hear them regularly. Here, where we are——"

But the others continued to doubt. They consulted their books and told me that the thing was impossible. I only smiled.

You see, I *knew*.

And I listened to those guns regularly every night for nearly four years, and thanked God for the Ministry of Munitions.

Monday, November 11 came. We mafficked, each in his own way, and retired. I lay down and smiled quietly to myself. For the first time for years there would be no *dum dub* to remind me of the horrors over there. People were still singing somewhere about, and I was obliged to wait for some little time to hear, so to speak, the new silence of peace.

I waited, and all sounds ceased. All, that is to say, except the regular *dum dub* of the guns!

I sat up in astonishment. Without a doubt the guns were at it with all their old-time regularity. I could not understand it at all. Had the Boche added one last shame to his hundreds? I became nervous, finally almost ill with apprehension. I rose quickly, and stood shivering on the floor. My heart seemed to be beating twice as fast as usual.

And then I heard the guns still louder and—would you believe it—twice as fast!

My hand went to my heart.

And I began to understand.

. . . . .

"My dear Sir," said my own private doctor, "you have had four years of hard work, and your heart is overstrained. I suggest a long rest."

"You don't think—?" I began.

"Nothing to worry about if you keep quiet, but it's going great guns just at present."

The guns, I am glad to inform you, have now stopped.

RUTHLESS REGGIE

"Well, how are you getting on? Having a good time?"

"Ra-ther—Dad,—Mary fell over about twenty minutes ago—and I'm baiting for her with those biscuits you bought me!"

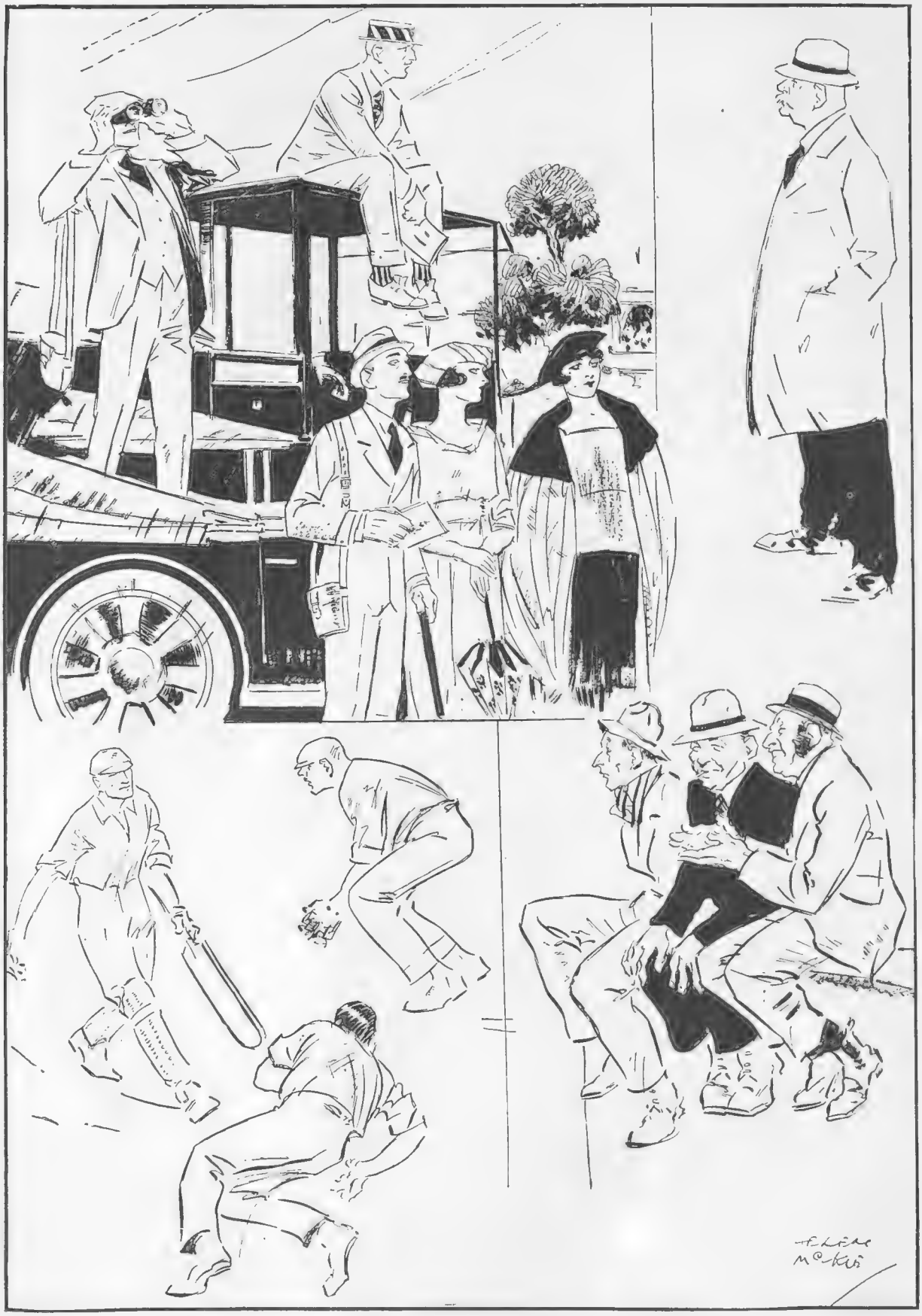
The Wife of a Recent K.C.B.

Photograph *Vandyk*

A NEW PORTRAIT OF LADY IRONSIDE

Whose husband, General Sir E. Ironside. has been made a K.C.B. for his services in command of our forces in Russia

Character-Sketches at Canterbury



IMPRESSIONS AT THE GREAT KENTISH CRICKET WEEK

Another "after the war" revival in the way of sport occurred last week—and a very welcome one, too. This was the Canterbury Cricket Week, and from Bank Holiday Monday until Saturday last the old Kentish county-town was gay with all its pre-war festivities. The sketches above show some typical figures on, and about, the cricket field among which the local element, and those who came to watch by car, form a striking contrast

BY HELEN McKIE

GAMES AND PASTIMES

WATCHING THE CRICKET AT CANTERBURY

The weather helped greatly to make the revival of Canterbury week a success, and those who went to look on at the matches had an equally enjoyable time with those who took part in them

CRICKET

Canterbury Week

The traditions of the festival itself and of Kentish cricket were equally well maintained at Canterbury last week, and the only matter for regret was that the match between the home county and Essex, being a two-day affair, could not run what cricketers would ordinarily describe as its allotted course. The whole of the opening day was taken up by Essex in compiling a somewhat laborious innings of 394, and against this Kent had to bat on the second day on a pitch adversely affected by overnight rain. There was some risk of defeat and no chance of a win—which is what often happens to the side which does not bat first in a two-day match. Such a situation is not very inspiriting.

Hardinge the Indispensable

Thanks mainly to Hardinge, who carried his bat through the innings for 172, they were soon out of danger of defeat, and after that it did not matter in the circumstances that their total was 155 runs short of Essex's 494, for the match could only end in a draw. But it, at any rate, provided a personal triumph for Hardinge, who during the past five or six weeks has proved the mainstay of the Kent eleven on good and bad wickets alike. As for Essex, one realises that they paid Kent a very high compliment by keeping them in the field until they themselves were in what is known as an impregnable position. But, oh! the little more enterprise and how much it is!

YACHTING

Good Sport at Cowes

The revival of Cowes Regatta last week was blessed with good sailing weather throughout as well as plenty of sunshine, and consequently the racing was thoroughly enjoyed. In the three races for the larger boats (sailed on the Monday, Tuesday, and Thursday, the racing on the Wednesday being confined to the diminutive Seaview Mermaids and Redwings) Mr. J. W. Cook's cutter, *Thanet*, had the honour of leading the fleet home each day. In the opening race she failed to save her time on Mr. F. S. Hohler's yawl, *Celia*, but on the second day she won the cup presented by the Marchioness of Ormonde with about two minutes to spare. On the third day, as a result of this, her handicap penalty was increased, and *Celia* followed her home closely enough to win the first prize with over two minutes to spare. Very much the same thing happened in the next class for yachts between 15 and 25 tons. The scratch boat, Mr. Malcolm Arbuthnot's 19-ton cutter, *Bamba*, being first home on each day, but only winning on the second. On the first day she failed to save her time on Mr. F. A. Roberts' cutter, *Guenora* (17 tons), and on the third Commander A. H. Hamilton's yawl, *Cooya* (16 tons), with an increased allowance, saved her time both on *Guenora* and *Bamba*, the former in turn

HARDINGE

Who scored 172 not out, carrying his bat right through the innings, for Kent against Essex at Canterbury last week

Photographs *Sport and General*

O. G. N. TURNBULL

A promising young lawn tennis player of the virile type, who has been chosen as one of the British Isles team against France in the next stage of the Davis Cup competition

GAMES AND PASTIMES (concluded)

saving her time on *Bamba* for second prize.

A Triple Winner

Of the smaller boats, Mr. P. L. Waterlow's 7-ton cutter, *Alannah*, one of the Solent one-design class, was the most successful. On the second day in the race for yachts of not exceeding 15 tons, she finished alone, *Bryony* (Mr. C. E. Nicholson) having gone ashore when leading in the first round, and *Mazurka* (Colonel R. Sloane Stanley) having given up after touching the Lepe in rounding it, while on the first and third days in races on level terms confined to the Solent one-design class, she beat Commander H. A. Kennard's *Gadfly* by two minutes odd, *Mazurka* being the whipper-in each time. In the Redwings class Mr. R. S. Saville's *Kingfisher* won two firsts and Mr. J. Watney's *Amma* one.

LAWN TENNIS

Davis Cup Changes

In spite of its win, by a satisfactory margin as far as actual results go, against South Africa at Eastbourne, the British Isles team for the final tie in the preliminary competition for the right to challenge Australasia for the Davis Cup has been subjected to revision. The selected four against France at Deauville on August 25 and following days are H. Roper Barrett, Lieut.-Colonel A. R. F. Kingscote, P. M. Davson, and O. G. N. Turnbull, H. S. S.

RACING TOPICS

HOLIDAY MEETINGS. By "CARBINE"

Popular Brighton

After Goodwood racing takes on the purely holiday spirit of the season, and there are no very important events until the excellent meeting which begins at York on the last Tuesday of the month. However, nothing can keep the multitude away from races this year, and the crowds at Brighton last week were simply stupendous. Brighton resembles Epsom in that its stands are absurdly antiquated and completely inadequate for their purpose of comfortably accommodating a really big gathering. Mr. Dorling, perhaps the most slated of all racing officials, had to stand the brunt of many criticisms last week. But the veteran was cheery through it all. "You talk about the huge crowds we get here," he remarked, "but if we made them more comfortable the crush would be greater than ever." Quaint reasoning, if you like! I should dearly like to have a finger in the pie when the huge profits of last week's meeting at Brighton are shared out. We had rather a tame Brighton Cup, in which Wilson proved no match for African Star. Sir Douglas was on the scene, but as the ground was hard it was decided at the last moment to keep him fresh for the St. Leger.

A Glance at the St. Leger

A month has to elapse before the great Doncaster race, but people are already keenly discussing its prospects. You can safely reckon that Buchan will be favourite if he keeps sound. I am afraid the opposition to Major Astor's colt will not be very strong. Cygnus is under a cloud at present, and it is doubtful whether he will be fit enough to do himself justice on the Town Moor. I daresay the Manton stable have more than one representative in the race, for Lady James Douglas may feel inclined to allow Bayuda to take her chance against Buchan. Keysoe is now greatly improved, and will probably run well, September being the month in which a good filly is usually seen to best advantage.

"AFRICAN STAR"
The winner of the Brighton Cup, being led in by his owner, Mr. T. Martin, Wing up

Lord Glanely struck Grand Parade out of the race some time ago, but he can run Dominion. The other runners will include Sir Douglas Tangiers, White Heat, and Gay Lord, so you see it is not going to be a wildly exciting St. Leger. At the same time, I am quite prepared to see Tangiers, Sir Douglas, and Dominion well supported, though they cannot beat Buchan on the book.

The Week's Selections

Kempton Park is gradually being cleared of its stupendous dump of mechanical transport, but we shall not be able to resume racing there until the autumn, and this week's fixture has accordingly been transferred to Sandown Park. On Wednesday the Greenwood Handicap, a race which perpetuates the memory of a famous racing journalist, presents a bit of a puzzle. **Bergleuse** ought to win if she retains her spring form, and in her absence I shall depend on Main Royal. On the following day the Princess Plate may be won by **Best Born.** At Windsor on Friday **Limpsfield** is my selection for the Castle Handicap, while **Happy Man** may take the Three-Year-Old Handicap on the second day. One of the most pleasant meetings of the week will be at Redcar, which begins the Yorkshire circuit. **Thermogene** is a bit of a welsher, but I shall not be surprised if he proves good enough to secure the Redcar Handicap on Thursday.

THE MAN WHO "RISKED IT."

REMARKABLE SEQUEL.

It is strange how a man will sometimes hang back in doubt from taking the one step which leads him to success.

Here is a case in which a business man actually hesitated *for three years* before he decided to "risk it." Yet in three months the "risk" had so completely justified itself that he felt compelled to write the following letter (one of many hundreds of similar letters in the records of the Pelman Institute):

"It may interest you to know," he says, "that three times during the last three years I have written for your prospectus. Each time I was doubtful as to whether I should really derive benefit.

"I decided to 'risk it,' and I am more than delighted with the result. *I would never have thought it possible.*"

There is the secret of his diffidence: he "did not think it possible." The Pelman Institute's records are simply full of sincere and grateful letters from men (and women) who once thought that the things promised for Pelmanism were "impossible."

Frankly, much of what is claimed does sound impossible; but the *facts* prove the reverse. The evidence comes, not from one class, but from all: from professional men, and from clerks and salesmen; from educationalists; from Members of Parliament; from peers; from financiers; from artisans; from scientists; from manufacturers. Literally, thousands have testified in the plainest of words that Pelmanism has changed their lives for them.

The Magic of Commonsense

What is the magic? There is no magic: just commonsense. The whole thing is on a par with the semi-invalid—the man who is never really well and never really ill—who takes up golf or some other recreation and finds, to his intense astonishment, that he is "as fit as a fiddle."

Let a man realise the soundness of mental exercise and he will understand the soundness of Pelmanism: he will understand that benefit *must* follow, as night follows day. Pretty nearly everyone knows that physical exercise is sound and essential to health: there are few who realise that mental exercise is just as sound, just as essential, and just as resultful.

The trouble is that so very few people know anything about their own brains. The brain is a dark secret for the majority of people. They are compelled to use it in some fashion or other, but they never learn *how* to use it. They do not know that mental calibre, efficiency, cleverness—call it what you will—is all a matter of training, or, in other words, of *exercise*.

No faculty of the human system can be capable and efficient unless it is duly exercised. To realise your full powers in any direction requires the regular exercise of that power. Tens of thousands of men and women have "discovered latent talents" in themselves and have achieved unexpected and unhoped-for success as a consequence of Pelmanism. Why? Simply because in following out the principles of Pelmanism they began to utilise and exercise powers hitherto neglected.

That is the simple explanation of those seeming miracles where clerks, becoming Pelmanists, have become managers and have doubled or trebled or even quadrupled their salaries. That is why you find doctors and lawyers writing to say that the 'little grey books" are "worth their weight in gold" to them. Sober-minded people do not write remarks such as these without due reason.

Wherever you find a man applying himself in real earnest to the study of Pelmanism, you can absolutely 'bank" on that man's progress, even though he be a sceptic to begin with. Here is what one sceptic writes:

'I used to think that the claims made for Pelmanism were fantastic and impossible; now I regard them as *understatements of the truth!*" That gentleman thought that Pelmanism promised too much; he now thinks its promises are less than it actually produces.

There are many men and women who think that the benefits of Pelmanism are exaggerated; their scepticism could not survive a perusal of the evidence or their own study of the Course.

Pelmanism was received at first with scepticism in the Army; but it finished by claiming over 100,000 officers and men (including over 100 Generals) before the Armistice That fact is eloquent.

You cannot point to a single profession, business, industry, or trade in which Pelmanism has not led its students to success: financial success, or any other kind of success. The financial benefits of the training are probably those which attract most attention, but there are other phases. Pelmanism is just as powerful a factor for progress in other directions—social, intellectual, professional, or educational. *There is no phase of human existence—from the humblest spheres of life to the highest—in which Pelmanism does not make its value felt.* No greater "new idea" has been brought before the public in this century than Pelmanism. In a sense it is the counter-balance to the unrest and demoralisation which unhappily characterise the after-war period. The growth of Pelmanism is a movement of the happiest augury. As one writer has said very truly: "The work of the Pelman Institute is a great national asset."

A Mental Re-Birth

Whether a man thinks nationally or, simply as an individual, selfishly, he can do no better thing than investigate this simple and interesting scheme of self-study and self-development. Even if he looks no farther than his own income, the small amount of time and money expended upon the Course will repay him a hundredfold in a single year. His horizon will be clearer and wider; he will realise his own powers; he will see opportunities that he at present misses; he will be competent to profit by these opportunities; he will feel stronger, abler, and better; his life will be more interesting; in many cases men have found the study a positive re-birth.

Half-an-hour daily is all that many can give to Pelmanism: yet they have adopted it and with marked success. Some can only study it on their daily journey to and from the office or factory. It is not a hard or fatiguing study; most Pelmanists speak of it as "fascinating." And the cost is ridiculously small, especially as a special scale of payment is provided for those of small means.

Page after page of "Mind and Memory" gives remarkable and incontestable evidence of what Pelmanism has done for thousands of men and women, and *why* it has done it. The most cautious person will get clear guidance from this interesting booklet (now in its 44th edition!).

By sending a postcard for a copy of "Mind and Memory," you do not engage yourself to anything, but you secure an opportunity to read the evidence for Pelmanism at your leisure. Or, if you are in town and would prefer a personal talk with a member of the Pelman staff, do so. A private interview will enable you to put all the questions you please. No visitor to the Pelman Institute is ever *asked* to enrol: the matter is left entirely to his or her own judgment. If you cannot call, then you should certainly write at once for a copy of "Mind and Memory" to the Pelman Institute, 27, Pelman House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C. 1.

Overseas Addresses; 46-48, Market Street, Melbourne; Temple Building, Toronto; Club Arcade, Durban.

A New Literary Log Rolled by Ralph Straus

THIS seems to be the season for first novels. Three or four are on my table. Of these two are unusually good, one very poor indeed. The best is *Yellowleaf* (Heinemann : 7s. net.), by Sacha Gregory, a strange book, well set forth and beautifully written. The story itself is uncomfortable though never unpleasant. Yellowleaf is the name of a house in St. John's Wood, where live the old Lady Mary Dampierre, Lily, her widowed daughter-in-law, her two grand-children, Jimmy and Picotee, Charles Thorn, a nephew, and Bruno, most faithful of Italian butlers. It is a happy little household to which comes the odd, sinister figure of Jaques Aghassy, pianist. Who or what he is does not at first appear, but you speedily accept Lady Mary's unfavourable opinion of him. There is something wrong with Aghassy. But he beats down all opposition, and in a little while is living at Yellowleaf as the second husband of Lily Dampierre.

❊ ❊

AND then, slowly, you begin to suspect that this courtly, clever, un-English pianist is playing a deep game. The Dampierres are rich. From several sources money is coming to young Jimmy. Aghassy and Charles Thorn are his joint guardians, but it is Aghassy who at first triumphs. Thorn is driven away to the East. And then you see the unfortunate boy—now eighteen—slowly and cunningly dragged down to the depths by his step-father. The old lady learns Aghassy's true character, so does Charles Thorn. So, too, do Bruno and, later, the unfortunate wife. But what can be done ? Jimmy goes from bad to worse when the horrible Miss Mareschal is imported into the house as Aghassy's musical secretary. Lady Mary is slowly dying, Thorn is angry but helpless. All wish secretly and terribly for Aghassy's death. And then he dies, suddenly and unexpectedly, and you suspect—the wrong person. Here the author is exceedingly clever, but the characterisation throughout the book is good. *Yellowleaf* is a book for slow and careful reading, a fine piece of work which promises well for the future of its author.

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THE other good book is C. R. Milton's *The Eyes of Understanding* (Melrose : 6s. net.), Little enough of the state of affairs in India during the war has been allowed to filter through to the British public, and it is a little curious that, so far as I know, the most detailed picture of the difficulties under which the Anglo-Indian officials have been working should be found in a novel. Let it not be thought, however, that *The Eyes of Understanding* is just one of those cases of special pleading muddled up into a love story. The novel is not that at all. It is only incidentally, as you follow out the curiously unsatisfactory and uncomfortable adventures of Lady Mary Browne endeavouring to work in the Indian Educational Department, that you begin to understand the dangers of allowing the new violence, as it is beginning to peep forth in all quarters of the globe, to oust the older, soldier traditions. Stories about India have a tendency to be more or less the same, but *The Eyes of Understanding* cheerfully leaves the usual tracks. It is well written and up-to-date. It contains a good story and is vastly informative. It should be thoroughly enjoyed by any number of people even if they have never been nearer to India than Tilbury Docks.

MR. LOWELL THOMAS

The American War Correspondent, photographed at work outside his tent when with General Allenby's forces in Palestine. Mr. Thomas begins a short series of lectures on the Palestine campaign at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, to-morrow night

BRITONS ALL

The following song for the times has been written by Mr. Arnold Golsworthy ("Jingle" of THE BYSTANDER*), the music being composed by Mr. Herman Darewski.*

WE'VE got to stick together now the Peace flag is unfurled,
And there is work ahead of us for everyone to do ;
We've got to put some patches on this maimed and battered world,
And that's a job for each of us, for him—and me—and you !
Our King and country need us as they needed us before,
We've got to make amends for what has gone,
And the motto for the workshop and the study and the store
Is the one the soldiers gave us, "Carry on ! "

So let us roll our sleeves up every one
And finish off the job that we've begun
For we're not going to forget
And we'll show the whole world yet
That Britain's motto still is "Duty done ! "

WE can have our fun to-morrow, but there's work to do to-day
And it's up to all of us to see it through ;
We've got to help each other and to stick it anyway,
Though it's not perhaps the work we want to do.
But the land we love is calling us each one to do his bit,
Though thorny be the road we tread upon,
So give a British cheer and show your good old British grit
And shout a glad "Aye, aye, Sir ! " to the order "Carry on ! "

Born 1820—
still going strong.

JOHNNIE WALKER: "There's many a slip betwixt cup and lip."

FRIEND: "Yes, but one does not make a slip in judgment in demanding 'Johnnie Walker.'"

JOHN WALKER & SONS, Ltd., SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS, KILMARNOCK, SCOTLAND.

POPE & BRADLEY
Sole Proprietor H. Dennis Bradley
Civil, Military & Naval Tailors.

"JAZZED TO THE WORLD"

JAZZING

By H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

PEACE!
and plenty—
Of Manchurian meat
And miscarried mutton
And mournful mobs
Of struggling serfs
Storming the tube
And besieging the 'bus
Or begging for beer
In plutocrats' pubs
And feeding on fruits of victory.

* * * *

And a very new world
Of parvenu peers
And bung baronets
And niggardly knights,
Whose honours were won
On the fields of finance,
And proud profiteers,
Fed fat by the war,
Now prey on the peace
By filching the fruits of victory.

* * * *

All this is, of course, merely jazzing with the millennium. It is written in a spirit of mischievous merriment, which might not appear unbecoming in these serious days of peace.

It should not be mistaken as another example of the exuberant decadence of Youth.

While the splendid old men so wisely settle the destinies of the world, Youth should hold its breath—and purse. And Middle Age its sides—with Dionysian laughter.

Age feebly fiddles while Youth brilliantly burns.

* * * *

It is Pope & Bradley's pleasure to equip young men. They regret they have no time at present to clothe old men. Youth has now to fight to liquidate the legacies of Age.

Incidentally, old men have not the figures to carry Pope & Bradley's clothes. They must be left to wrap themselves in their Treasury notes.

Lounge Suits from £9 9 0 Dinner Suits from £12 12 0
Overcoats from £10 10 0

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11-13 SOUTHAMPTON ROW, W.C

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*Racing Whips, Super quality whalebone and gut (or plaited Kangaroo hide) 30 ins. 30/-

*Polo Whips, Super quality whalebone and gut, 39 ins., with wrist loop ... 32/6

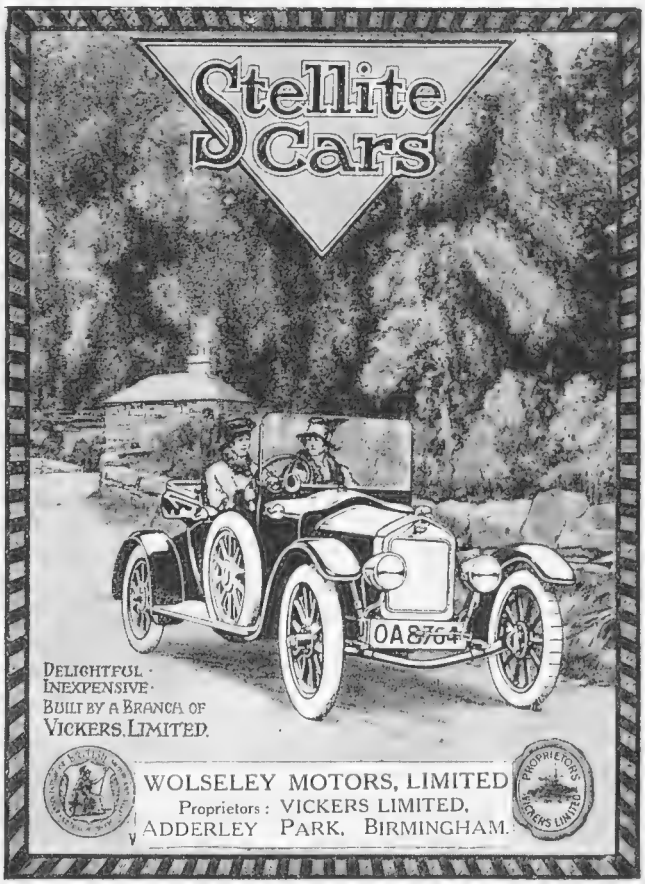
Fly Whisks, (as illustrated) Cane, White or coloured hair 11/6

Ditto covered pigskin with wrist loop, ditto 18/-

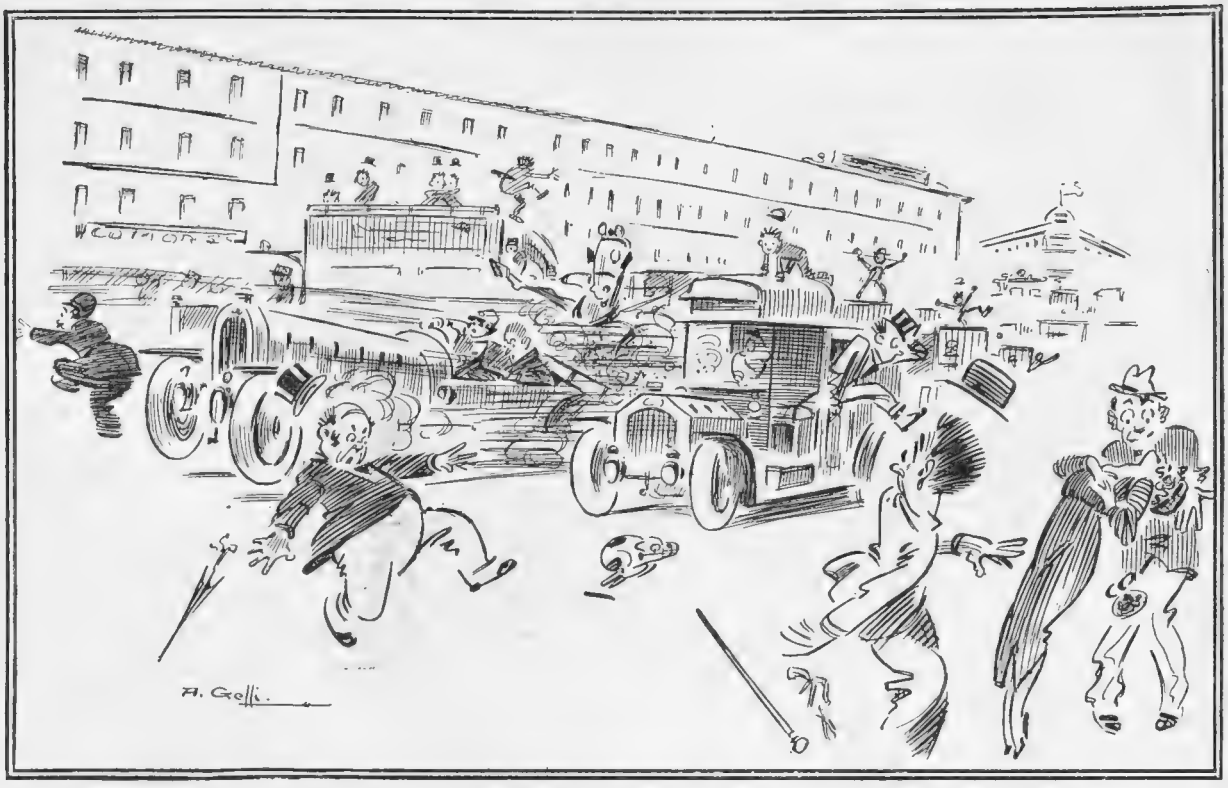
*Made any length to order.

Write for Illustrated Price List of Whips of every description.

G. & J. ZAIR, 115, Bishop St., Birmingham.



A (W)Raffish Driver



THE GIRL IN THE CAR: "We'll speed up a bit when we get out of this, but one has to be a bit careful through town!"

MOTORING & AVIATION

I DO wish Julian Orde, the General Secretary of the Royal Automobile Club, would ask the Chief Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police to lunch, and over the nuts and wine have a friendly chat in order to find out what has upset him. For I am sure motorists must have got "his goat," as our American friends say, by the evidence deduced from the number of prosecutions for exceeding the speed-limit of twenty miles an hour that are taking place daily in all parts of London. The club has issued a warning to motorists generally to observe the regulations in this respect, but what about the trams and motor-'buses? I clocked a tram running twenty-five miles an hour over a short stretch of road the other day, not that it was doing any harm at this speed, but it only shows what folly it is to worry about the legal limit. If people drive to the danger of the public, prosecute them and make them pay due penalties, but, as I have already mentioned in these notes, it is about time we had a new Motor Act more up-to-date in regard to modern conditions of traffic than the present worn-out regulations.

* * *

MOTORISTS can congratulate themselves that the cash they pay in special taxes is going to be spent on the roads, as the Chancellor of the Exchequer has earmarked £10,000,000 for this purpose, which is in excess of the amount the petrol and carriage taxes produce. Also, Mr. Joynson-Hicks extracted the promise from Mr. Austen Chamberlain that this taxation will revert to the original purpose the monies were asked for in due course. As for the Transport Bill, it does not look as if much alteration is going to be effected by the House of Lords, so that road-lovers will have to depend upon the goodwill of the Minister-delegate to see that our free lines of communication are properly looked after. There is one thing that is hopeful, and that is General Maybury is the right man in the right place, and unless the petty annoyances that one department of a Ministry can get from others prove too bad, so that he will not stick it, I believe that road-users will not fare so badly as some think under the new *régime*, which I expect will be the law by the time these lines see light of day.

* * *

I GUESS everybody will want to join the Automobile Association now all the roadside telephone-boxes they provide are being adapted for use by members at any hour of the day or night, whether they are motorists or not. What a chance it gives to the belated traveller to tell his little wife that he is hung up at Slocum-cum-March by a breakdown, and she need not worry as he is all right, but does not expect to get back until late—m'yes—very late. All the same, it is a splendid idea if you are caught by trouble miles from anywhere that you can get on to a garage to send out and fetch you in. I shall never forget coming down from Scotland one January, when the winds were blowing a regular hurricane and the rain came down in sheets, struggling from 12.30 a.m. until nearly 4 a.m. with a removable rim that would not be removed without a sledge hammer. While I perspired in my efforts to get it off my passengers shivered to death in the cold, but there were no first-aids in those days. I would have given all the "ready" I had to have been able to ring up for help. Now all you have to do is to carry the key of the telephone-box, which is to be given instead of the membership ticket, and there you are. S'nice.

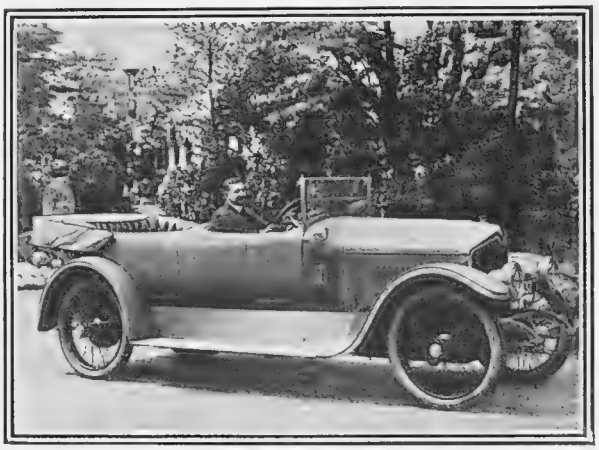
* * *

COMMERCIAL aviation is at present, I am afraid, confined to joy rides at so much per head, but this month a financial newspaper sent out its representative on a business tour to Southampton, Cowes, Bath, Bristol, Rugby, Coventry, Derby, Birmingham and Norwich, and mounted him on an

MOTORING AND AVIATION (concluded)

Airco 4a aeroplane fitted with a Rolls-Royce 285 h.p. "Falcon" engine. I don't know how he got on, and whether big business resulted, but he certainly covered a lot of ground in the week. Of course, his samples were not heavy, a few spare copies of the paper, but modern methods are going to be somewhat terrorising. I can just fancy the day when, as I am taking my annual bathe at Margate-sur-Mer, my local coal merchant will swoop down on me for his winter order for coal, to say nothing of my tailor presenting me with a bill from the skies. The worst part of it will be you can't get away from the persistent man of business, as if you do a bit of flitting he will chase you round the earth in no-time-winking, as my little grandson put it as he watched the rockets fly up on Peace night. We shall all have to take to a cave life again. Happy thought, I must go into the city, where prospectuses come from, asking for billions of pounds sterling and get them to subscribe to my new idea, "The Underground Holiday Homes, Unlimited," safe from everything except drills. No, I don't mean the squad kind, it's the diamond variety intended. 'Pon my word, the progress of civilisation has its drawbacks. We shall all be buzzing around like wasps before long.

POCKET aeroplanes, not much bigger than a large sized portmanteau, are the latest novelties in heavier-than-aircraft, and particulars have reached these shores of a diminutive biplane weighing only 700lbs., which could carry 400lbs. at eighty miles an hour fitted with a 50 h.p. engine that a Swedish factory is making. I expect that craft of this type will be the sort that the flying clubs that are now forming will patronise, or, rather, what their members will be able to afford to buy. In the middle of last month the first meeting was held of the Lancashire Flying Club at Southport, where Mr. F. C. L. Young, Lindrum Lodge, Bowden, Cheshire, was elected hon. secretary and treasurer. This gentleman possesses a machine of his own, and offered to lend it to the members. This club has been formed primarily for the benefit of ex-service pilots who wish to keep up their flying. It was decided at this meeting to write to the Air Ministry with a view to obtaining a gift of several machines for the Club. Quite a good idea, which, no doubt, will be followed by other flying clubs, as by this means the powers that be will be provided in case of need with a source from which to draw *personnel* for the Service at practically no cost. It will also help the coming generation to become pilots at as small a charge as possible now our motto is entrenchment and reform, though there seems little chance of reform of present prices of anything. S'truth. OLD HY.



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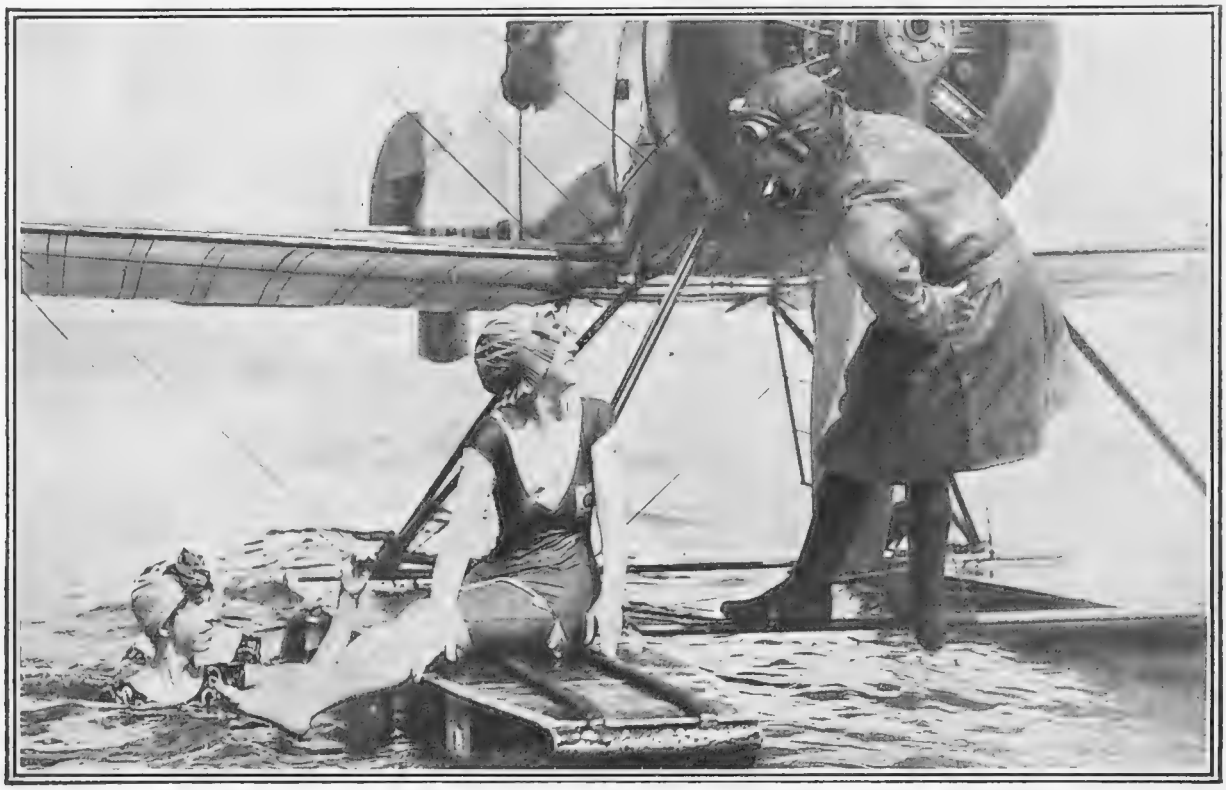
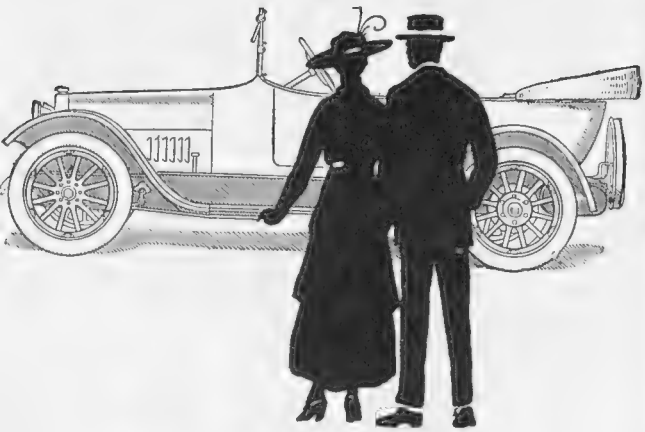
CAPT. SIR JOHN ALCOCK on his flight across the Atlantic used CLAUDEL-HOBSON CARBURETTERS on his Rolls-Royce engines.—H. M. HOBSON, LTD., 29, Vauxhall Bridge Road, London, S.W. 1.

C.A.V.—The only lighting and starting equipment that has been standardised for years by the makers of the leading British cars.—C. A. VANDERVELL and Co., Ltd., Acton, W. 3.



"AU REVOIR" TO THE MERMAID—WITH (DOUBTLESS) MANY REGRETS!

Captain Merriman, A.F.C., politely requests a lady bather to slip back into the water, as he wishes to start his Avro. He could not invite her to go up as she was not suitably clad for flying



Admiration & —Anticipation

RIGHTLY is the 1919 Buick "Six" regarded as a masterpiece in fine design and workmanship. And rightly too can those who are still waiting for delivery be certain that when they obtain their car they will be in possession of a model that will truly represent the highest value on the market.

Compared with the famous 1916 Buick "Six," the new model has a three inch longer wheel base, enclosed valve mechanism, best known type of dry plate clutch, improved lubrication of the valve rockers and a system whereby the coupling at the back of the gear box is now lubricated automatically from the gear box.

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SHAPE
66

Summit SOFT COLLARS

THIS is the famous Summit Soft Polo Collar for which the demand increases season after season.

It is an easy collar for wear with lounge suit or sports coat, but, though unstarched, possesses the distinctive style peculiar to Summits.

Made in White Egyptian Cotton and with eyelet holes for safety-pin. Half sizes from 13½ to 18½ inches.

10½d each. SIX for 5/-

Sample Collar and Booklet post free 1/-

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Other Numbers similar in shape to 66 are 68 in White Oxford Matt, 69 in White Piqué, and 88 in White Hair Line Zephyr.

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Hosiers to Discerning Men.

SIX LONDON SHOPS.
13 Fenchurch Street, E.C. 3 — 33 Oxford Street, W. 1
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Also at 41 New Street, Birmingham, and St. Ann's Square, Manchester.

719

Revolving Shelters

for Health and Garden Pleasure.

In these days with so many people in broken health—a Revolving Shelter is essential to allow of the Great Cure — Open-air Treatment.

For pleasure's sake—for real enjoyment of Garden Life—it is good to have one of these Shelters—to be able to face sun or wind, or shelter from them just as you desire.

These Boulton and Paul Shelters are soundly built and finely finished—made from selected timber by highly skilled labour. They are ornamental as well as useful. They are made in dozens of different designs in various sizes. Many designs are in stock—ready for immediate delivery.

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For Smokers of Discrimination

Among smokers of discrimination, Nestor is known the world over. The travelled man, the diplomat, the big game hunter, the naval and military officer, all know and appreciate the subtle quality and aroma of Nestor Cigarettes.

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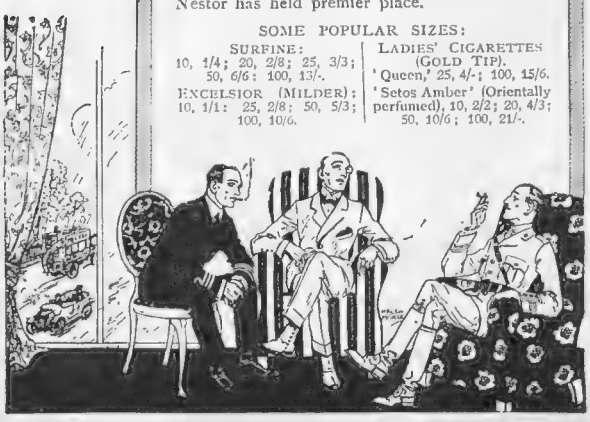
LADIES' CIGARETTES (GOLD TIP). 'Queen,' 25, 4/-; 100, 15/6. 'Setos Amber' (Orientally perfumed), 10, 2/2; 20, 4/3; 50, 10/6; 100, 21/-.



LABOUR is the problem of the moment, and Electricity is the greatest labour saver in existence.

Your decorations last twice as long, thus saving labour and expense of redecoration.

By the use of suction sweepers you remove dust and microbes thus avoiding diseases and saving the time of the doctor, and incidentally, his fees.

With electric light your health improves and you are less liable to influenza, thus avoiding waste of time in nursing. Electric ovens save 10 per cent. of the meat, and are almost automatic.

On the farm the applications are endless and are ever expanding.

The accumulated experience of 35 years is at your disposal. **Dept. B**

66 VICTORIA STREET, LONDON.

29 Piccadilly, MANCHESTER 50 Wellington Street, GLASGOW.

FASHION'S FANCIES

BY MRS. JACK MAY

THE holidays this year look like being of record length. One hears late September and October mentioned as the only possible moment to find vacant rooms at hotels, etc. Family folk have perforce booked ahead, since their progeny must return to school at the end of September. But *les autres*, and particularly the casual others, have to possess their souls and bodies in patience for the propitious vacancies. Town, as a matter of fact, is not a bad place when there is space to breathe in, and one can stroll down Sloane and Bond Streets in any old clothes, watching the gradual evolution of Autumn modes.

The professed furore for Monchon hats, by the way, is a well accomplished fact. And small wonder, since Monchon can be handled like straw or any other similar millinery medium, and so given individuality of effect. Some especially smart models are showing brims lined with beaver. White Monchon lined black beaver is very *chic*, and is a fancy older women should keep an eye on, for wearing with a black coat and skirt or all-in-one frock, white stockings and black patent leather shoes and white kid gauntlet gloves, turned over at the top with black kid. It is a magpie *ensemble* that can be relieved by a coloured posy thrust into the belt or lapel of a coat; or, perchance, a barbaric neckchain. Though, of course, there is plenty of coloured Monchon for those who prefer it, sulphur, sand biscuit, apple green, brick red, henna and so on and so forth.

A RESTAURANT FROCK OF BLACK TAFFETA

As described in detail on the next page

(SKETCHED BY "NOREEN")

Table d'Hôte Dress

THE which, of course, is merely "restaurant" under another title. As a holiday possession, however, this is a gown invested with much importance, and goes a long way towards marking the wearer out with signal success as being well in the movement. The triumphs this summer will be achieved, if I mistake not, by the rather hard little frocks of taffeta and faille, designed to emphasise the "hippy" movement that is determined to prove so pronounced a feature. It is easy to vision some clever renovation on these lines. An out-of-date slim charmeuse, for example, slit up either side over a simulated under-dress, either draped or frothing with little frills, could be easily arranged, or the charmeuse itself bunched into a pannier dress over a lace or transparent petticoat.

Nor is there a finer ally in the cause than filmy black Chantilly lace, mounted over either black or white, the lace always being left clear over the arms and neck. For there is nothing more becoming to any skin than this delicate black tracery, the ground work so fine as to be scarcely discernible. Many a white satin, *crêpe de Chine*, or Georgette evening dress should be enabled to continue its career under the veiling auspices of black Chantilly lace, the *dentelle* so decorative in itself as to disdain any extraneous assistance.

Several reasons, however, persuaded "Noreen"

FASHION'S FANCIES (concluded)

to express her idea of a representative restaurant frock in black taffeta, to which an *imprévu* note is imparted by little frills of white embroidered organdi, and bow of the same muslin finishing the front of the cross-over bodice. The double tunic opens at the back, as in front, a procedure that emphasises the sides, these, furthermore, having the appearance of being pinned down with single feathers threaded through the silk. And the bodice at the back is afforded a rather square appearance, by a separate panel, the sleeves emerging free of the silk armhole. With this *chic* frock there is worn a toque of pink poppies veiled in black tulle.

Harris Tweed

ANOTHER pre-war joy restored to us. That is if we go to the right houses, such as Aquascutum, 100, Regent Street, where there is a selection to gladden the saddest hearts. Go where you will you cannot beat these splendid homespun goods, and the controlling head of Aquascutum, as all the world knows, never spares trouble or money in acquiring the best in the market. Although at the moment deeply engrossed in the building of moor and country suits, in that wholly inimitable manner of theirs, the proposal is subsequently to push ahead with more *habillé* tailor-mades. Toward which end they are acquiring a wealth of suitable materials. However, more of this departure anon, the hour sufficing for the rough and ready suit, a typical example whereof is sketched on this page.

This most admirable affair is built in a jolly beech brown homespun, the sole ornamental relief on both skirt and coat supplied in sturdy leather buttons toned to the material. Scarcely visible, thanks to good workmanship and pressing, the coat is mounted on to a yoke, than which nothing gives such a fine clear cut to the shoulders, a belt imparting shapeliness to the lower part, a stitched hat adding the crowning triumph. A model on similar lines is carried out in a charming mole grey homespun overchecked with green, while most alluring is a hand-woven Shetland tweed in the natural Shetland tone. Clever colour intelligences have clearly been at work on the mixed tweeds, the which, while presenting a general neutral tone, frequently include several artfully mingled colours. After their long and successful career of moor clothing, the Aquascutum establishment lost no time in returning to its old trade, and success is written large over each of the individually conducted departments.

A TYPICAL "AQUASCUTUM" HOMESPUN

The Importance of Hips

I must be forgiven for hammering this movement home so insistently. But it is so immensely important just now with Autumn modes in the offing. We are merely at the edge of the many artful contrivances for acquiring this protuberant effect, which brings in its train a suggestion of waist, and lends a sloping line to a hem that is of reasonable walking width. A favourite is a *poche* movement, that starts direct from the waist, and might conceivably droop were it not cunningly stiffened to stand out. In the case of a navy suiting, a black braid band, after passing round the waist, was carried round these pockets. And in a taffeta, the same movement reversed, so to say, achieved a similar appearance. Then, of course, there are those outstanding organ pleats, and such amazing extravagances as three superimposed *volants* carried up in a curve to the waist, where they stand out perfectly straight. This suggestion is extraordinarily successful and novel for an evening frock or demi-toilette of faille with lace underskirt, and draperies and flounces there are galore, thrown into high relief by flat panels back and front.

The Editor's Box

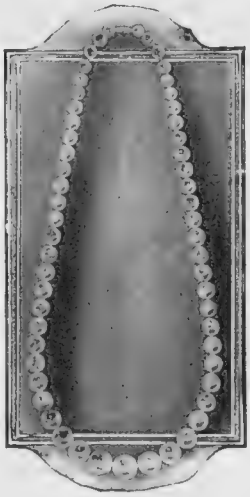
The Santa Claus Home

I have received the following letter which I recommend to readers' benevolent attention. "Sir—The children have had their part in the Peace Celebrations; may we plead the cause of a few little victims of disease? This is a critical moment for the Santa Claus Home, Highgate, which contains 20 cots for children of the poor suffering from hip and spinal disease. The cots are always occupied. For nearly thirty years the Misses Charles have been carrying on their devoted work. Now, not through any unforeseen or unnecessary expenditure, the task of maintaining the Home, almost entirely dependent on voluntary help, goes beyond the available resources. The cost of everything—food, dressings and wages—has greatly increased and the Home is in dire need. The value of this work of practical beneficence is attested by the grant annually made from the King Edward's Hospital Fund, and what better work can there be than the effort to restore little children to health and strength? We earnestly appeal to the public for help. Donations will be gladly received by Miss Charles at the Home. Yours faithfully, W. H. Gillett, Treasurer and Chairman of the

(*Continued on page 478*)

PEARLS ARE THE MOST FASCINATING of all JEWELS.

Ciro Pearls



This is a photographic reproduction of a Ciro Pearl Necklet, which will deceive experts.

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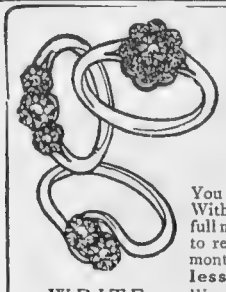
and wonderfully IMPROVE A BAD ONE. Give it a trial and you won't regret it. Sold in a Golden Colour for Fair or Grey Hair. Bottles 3/6, 7/-, 10/6, of Stores, Chemists, Hairdressers, and ROWLANDS, 67, Hatton Garden, London.



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And Branches, London. LEEDS—37, BOND STREET.

THE EDITOR'S BOX (concluded)

Committee. Santa Claus Home, Cholmeley Park, Highgate Village, N.

Mr. Pepys Goes A-Motoring

"May 17.—Havyng taken Counselle of Killigrewe, and being somewhat heartened by his encouragement, I have taken into my Service a young Manne, lately returned from the Warre, who is to dryve me abroad in ye Carre and minister to its Needes, let them be what they will. Thys young Manne is cunnyng in the use of Spanners and all manner of Motor Tools, and hath contracted to serve me for a wage of 3 pounds by the Weeke. And hys keepe. Pryscilla, our Cooke Mayde, hath received hym civilie, and all goes well as yet. Hys name is Alberte." Thus Mr. Pepys in some rare material collated by Mr. L. E. Filmore in No. 1 of "Out and Away," the new half-crown quarterly magazine for lovers of the open air and the King's highway. While "Out and Away" is poor in promise—there is no editorial foreword—it is certainly rich in performance, as the contributions by Max Pemberton, W. Heath Robinson, Harry Tate, C. G. Harper, G. K. Chesterton, and G. A. B. Dewar abundantly testify.

The Prince of Wales and the Royal Aero Club

I am asked to announce that Mr. F. Hedges Butler, the founder of the Royal Aero Club of the United Kingdom, has received the following letter from the Hon. Sir Sidney Greville, Comptroller to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales: "July 29, 1919. York House, St. James's Palace, S.W. Dear Mr.

MR. F. HEDGES BUTLER
Founder of the Royal Aero Club of the United Kingdom

Hedges Butler,—With further reference to my letter of the 6th ultimo, with reference to the request that the Prince of Wales would become the vice-patron of the Royal Aero Club, I have taken an opportunity of submitting this to His Royal Highness, who desires me to inform you that he will have much pleasure in complying with the request.—Believe me, yours very truly, SIDNEY GREVILLE, Comptroller."

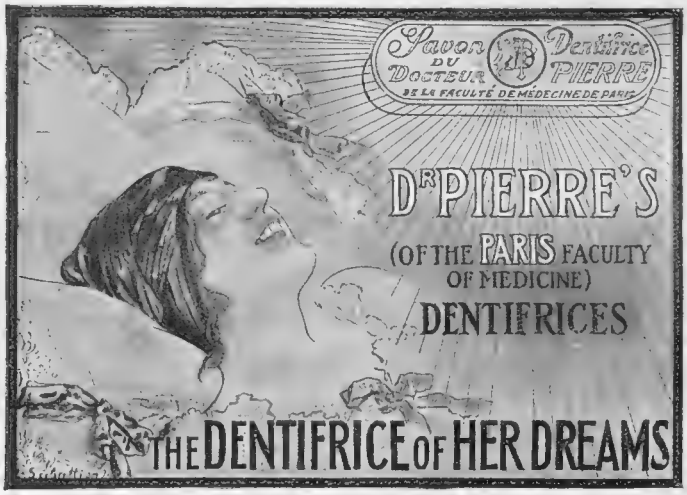
About Names

A small booklet has just been issued by John Ward and Co., entitled *On the Choice of a Name*, and consists of copious lists of christian names of boys and girls—a useful thing to have by you if you happen to be the proud parent of a newly-born infant. No charge is made for the booklet, which will be sent post free on receipt of a request for it addressed John Ward, Ltd., 11, Leveson House, Lawrence Street, Bloomsbury, W.C.2. Messrs. John Ward are the makers of the well-known "Leveson Baby Cars."

Under New Management

Announcement is made by Messrs. P. and P. Campbell, Ltd., the Perth Dye Works, that their two senior directors having retired, the control of the business has now been taken over by J. Pullar and Sons, Ltd, Cleaners and Dyers, Perth. Mr. Peter Campbell, Junr., will be associated with the new management in the vigorous conduct of the business, which will continue to be known as the Perth Dye Works.

Freshness of the Mouth. Whiteness of the Teeth. Antiseptic. Economical in use.



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A Welcome Visitor

at any time in every household. Every Bug, Flea, Beetle, Moth, Fly, &c., *dies* once it has come in proper contact with

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Cartols 1½d. 3d. 6d. 1/-

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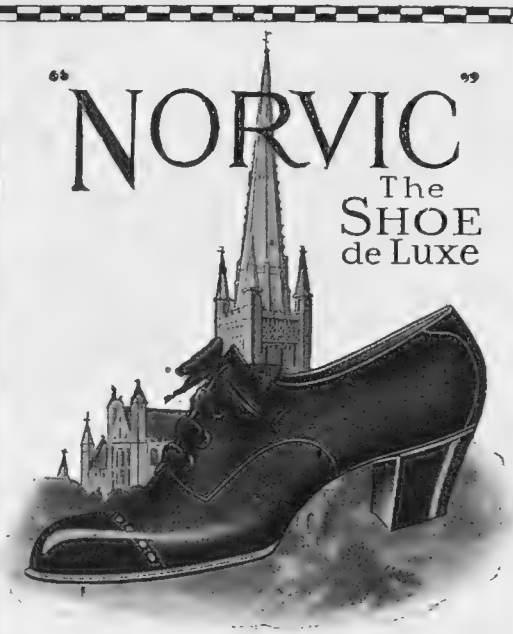
From 18 Guineas.

The sketch is one of a series of 12 models by M. Witte, cut and tailored at 5, Conduit St.

THRESHER'S
5, Conduit Street, Regent St., W. London.

"NORVIC"
The SHOE de Luxe



THE GUARANTEE BEHIND THE SHOE

Stamped on the Sole

Obtainable at one or more good retailers in each district Write us for the name of Nearest Agent.

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NORWICH.

Howlett & White Ltd

STEWED SUMMER FRUITS—

swimming round a creamy Corn Flour shape. What better summer fare for you and the children.

Most summer sweets are at their best when made with

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FREE.—The "Summer Dishes" Book of 50 recipes. It will help you wonderfully with your summer cookery. Write for a copy to-day to Brown & Polson, 6, Bouverie Street, London, E.C. 4.

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The prices at which these Blouses are marked are quite exceptional. They are made in two very becoming styles, one as sketch, the other with long sleeves and long becoming revers with frills. In black, jade, coral, pastel, blue, emerald, reseda, grey, brown, sky and pink.

SPECIAL PRICE

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Also in outsizes, **29/6**

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Wigmore Street.
(Cavendish Square) London.W

THE MENU

FISH SALADS and How to Make Them

Mayonnaise Sauce

Put the yolks of two raw eggs in a basin and add to them a pinch of salt, half a saltspoonful of white pepper, and half a teaspoonful of French and English mustard in a dry state, and a tiny pinch of cayenne. Work these together, then stir in, drop by drop, three gills of olive oil. When quite thick add half a teaspoonful of lemon-juice and two dessertspoonfuls of vinegar, drop by drop, set in a cool place or on ice until required. In case the sauce curdles, the yolk of another egg must be beaten up and the curdled sauce added to it by degrees.

Lobster Salad

Remove the meat from the lobster and divide it into convenient portions. Arrange a bed of lettuce in an entrée dish, and place the head of the lobster in the centre; then arrange the flesh round it, and as a border to this slices of cucumber. Strew over the meat some lobster coral, or, if this is not obtainable, some sieved yolk of egg. Serve very cold with mayonnaise sauce.

Macedoine of Fish

Line a plain mould with aspic, and put into it, to the depth of an inch, cooked carrots, turnips, French beans, peas, cauliflower, etc., shake pepper and salt over them and a small quantity of oil and vinegar dressing. Next pour in another layer of aspic and allow it to set. Now fill up the mould within one inch of the top with a fish purée, made by passing any cooked fish you wish to use through a sieve and mixing into it enough mayonnaise sauce to moisten it, one gill of stiffly whipped cream, and nearly two gills of aspic jelly; whip all together, and fill the mould, placing, when the fish purée is set, another layer of vegetables on the top. Finish with a layer of aspic jelly, and when quite set, turn out on to a bed of lettuce, garnish with hard-boiled eggs, cucumber, radishes, etc., and serve with mayonnaise sauce.

Fish Cutlets in Aspic

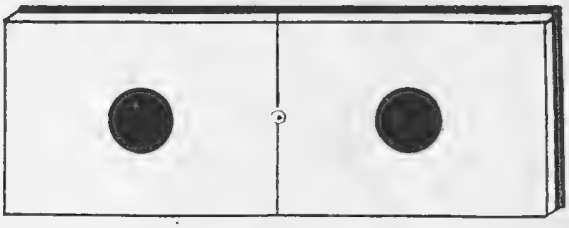
Steam a whiting and take ½lb. of the meat, chop it up finely, do the same to two hard-boiled eggs, add two tablespoonfuls of chopped parsley; mix all well together. Melt 1 oz. of butter in a saucepan, stir in 1 oz. of flour until smooth, add one gill of cold water or milk, stir until the mixture thickens, add this to the fish and eggs; mix, and leave on a plate to cool. When cold, form the mixture into cutlets, place a piece of parsley stalk in each to represent the bone. Pour a little aspic jelly into a Yorkshire pudding tin, when set, put the cutlets on it, and pour warm aspic jelly gently over them until they are well covered. Leave until quite cold, then cut them out, leaving a border of aspic jelly round each of them. Garnish with parsley and slices of cucumber.

Salmon and Cucumber Croustades

Take one or more large evenly grown cucumbers, according to the number of croustades required, and cut into pieces three inches deep; remove part of the inside of each. Make a mixture of cold boiled salmon, flaked into small pieces, and mayonnaise sauce; fill the cucumber cases, mask the top with mayonnaise sauce stiffened with aspic. Arrange in a silver dish on a bed of lettuce or mustard and cress, and garnish with sprays of tarragon or hard-boiled egg cut into small pieces.

EMILIA

URODONAL



ACUTE Rheumatism will **DOUBLE ONE** up and will almost inevitably lead to the disease in its **chronic** form unless combated in its initial period.

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Numerous experiments have proved the great efficacy of URODONAL, which is now regularly prescribed by physicians in this and every other country in the world.

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Full descriptive literature sent post free on application to HEPPELLS.

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REST GOWNS

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N. 1001.
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in heavy British Silk of exceptional wearing quality, that will wash repeatedly without impoverishment and retain its pristine freshness. The model designed and made in our own workrooms is perfectly finished It is out of the ordinary, yet its simplicity is such as to appeal to the most æsthetic. Its value is vouched for by the "House of Walpole."

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Sizes: 42, 44, 46 and 48.
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One Blouse only, as illustrated, can be sent on approval; if not already a Customer kindly send London trade reference. Remittance with order greatly facilitates despatch, and in case of non-approval of a garment the amount forwarded will be refunded.

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HATS
For Early Autumn Wear

ADAPTED from the latest Paris models and made in our own workrooms from best quality materials.

BLACK PANNE HAT with brim of petersham in contrasting colour.

PRICE
69/6

NOTE—This hat will be found in our Inexpensive Millinery on the Ground Floor.

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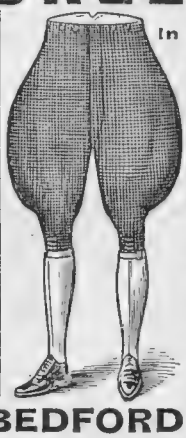

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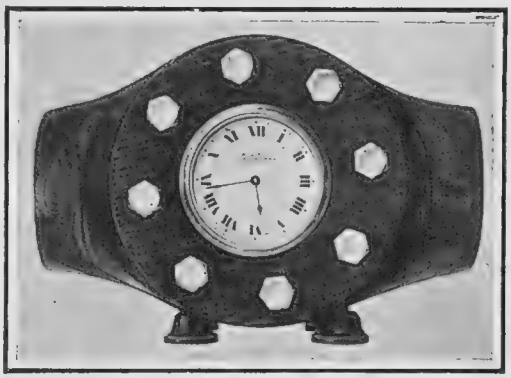
AEROPLANE PROPELLER CLOCKS.



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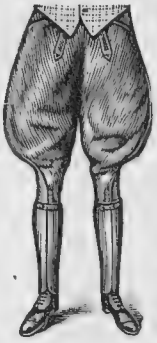

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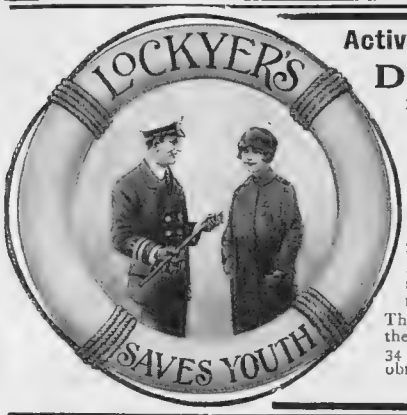

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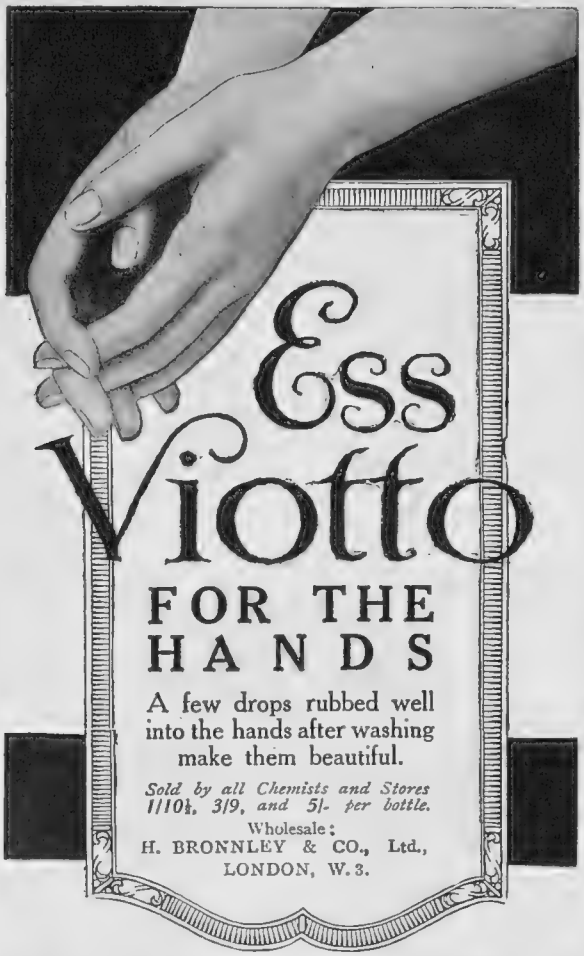

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COMBINATION PETTICOAT,
an exact copy of a French model, finely pleated back and front and trimmed with soft ecru lace, let in with hand stitching, finished with soft ribbon sash. In black, white and several dainty colourings.

5½ gns.

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When you buy for Quality——Jason

No matter how often Jason stockings and socks are washed the downy softness and perfect-fitting shape are not a whit impaired. Think what "unshrinkability" means for your children's wear—and insist on

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STOCKINGS & SOCKS
For Ladies, Children and Men.

So soft and smooth is the Jason Finish that the most sensitive skin is never irritated by Jason hose.

See the Jason Tab on every pair and pay only the price marked on the Tab of Stockings and Socks for ladies and men.

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TAILORED SHIRT (as sketch), in Washing Crepe, perfectly cut collar and revers, double cuffs for links, small pocket, fastened with one large pearl button. In champagne, blue, and pink with ivory collar and cuffs, also in ivory with blue and pink collar and cuffs. Sizes, 13½, 14 & 14½.

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The Désiré Bust Brassiere

(PATENTED)

IS perfectly cut and daintily made; retains the bust in any desired position without pressure. Correct anatomical support restores the relaxed bust to a normal condition of health; takes the strain of the weight of the bust; removes hollows and wrinkles from the neck and throat, and weighs but a few ounces. As it moves with the skin, it never becomes displaced, and may be worn

With or Without Corset.

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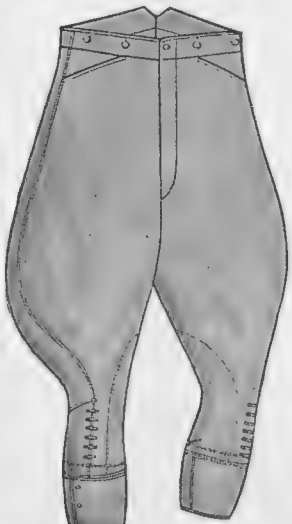

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Orders from **Officers Overseas** immediately executed.

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The Most Scientific and Successful Preparation for Cleansing the Mouth and Preserving the Teeth

TUBES 1/3 POTS 1/6 & 2/6

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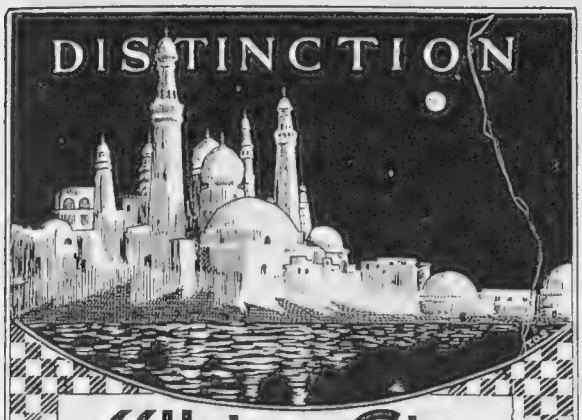

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CIGARETTES

The Oriental Cigarette of American Tobacco

"Oh! the little more

—and how much it is! and the little less, and what worlds away."

BROWNING.

It is the "little more" care and attention given to every detail of manufacture that gives the delicate distinction to

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20 for 1/4 50 for 3/4

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These shoes, in their class of light occasional footwear are distinctly the Feature of the season, inexpensive, Charming shapes, shades and designs. Clean as new.

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Shades: Black, White, Navy, Grey, Brown.

Cleaners, 1/- *Hose to Match.*

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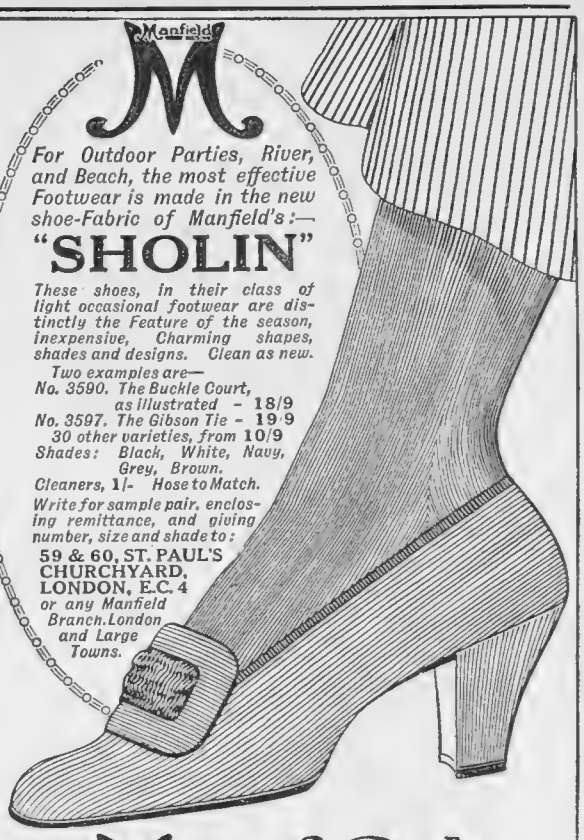

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FOOD for INFANTS, INVALIDS & the AGED.

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Sold in sealed tins by Chemists, etc., everywhere.

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is a disease-producing culture which spreads germs amongst rats, and when once introduced in a rat colony all are affected and exterminated

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Beware of Stainless Knives which do not cut. "Everbright" is guaranteed keen cutting.

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Requires washing only after use. Knife machines, powders, etc., dispensed with for ever.

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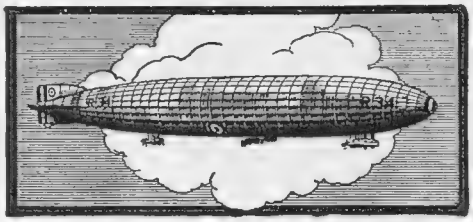

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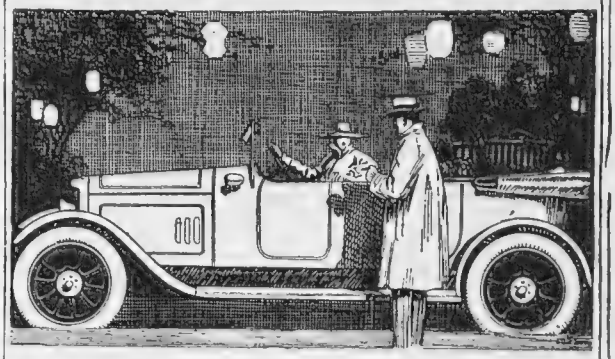

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Electric Self-starter on Chassis or Car, extra £30

This is the car you have been waiting for, a model full worthy of the peace year, reflecting in every detail the advances made in automobile practice during the war period.

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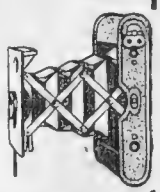

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Light, thin and easy-fitting, it enables the sportsman to shoot at top form throughout a drenching day instead of finding foul weather destructive of his reputation.

ENSURES THE SPORTSMAN healthful immunity from discomfort when exposed to bad weather, enhances enjoyment by its airylightness and perfect liberty, and adds the distinction of being equipped in an appropriate and workmanlike manner.

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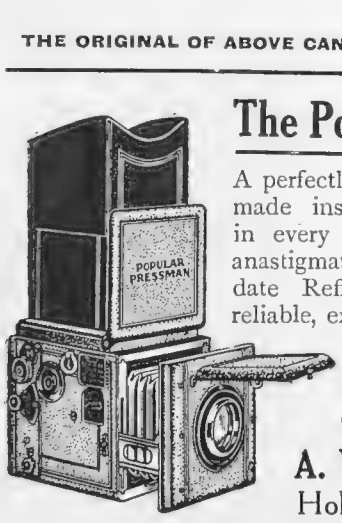
Yours faithfully, J.W.G."

THE ORIGINAL OF ABOVE CAN BE SEEN AT HOLBORN.



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A perfectly designed and perfectly made instrument, equipped fully in every way. It has an f/4·5 anastigmat lens, and is an up-to-date Reflex. It is eminently reliable, extremely simple, and has an error-proof focal plane shutter

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FOR RIVER AND YACHTING PARTIES.

Fine Snow-white Antelope Suède Boots. Delightfully cool, charming effect.

We have only a limited quantity of these Boots, and are selling them at this remarkably low price as an advertisement. **39/11**

Worth to-day - - **63/-**

We shall always be pleased to send a single shoe on approbation.

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TO BE DISPOSED OF REGARDLESS OF ORIGINAL COST.

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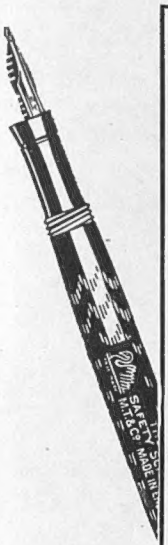
Telephone: Victoria 2785 (3 lines),
Works: VICTOR FACTORY, SOUTHALL, MIDDLESEX.



There is quite a distinct delight in writing with a

"SWAN" FOUNTPEN

It cannot be adequately described — it must be experienced. It cannot be experienced with any other pen.

Choose a "Swan" and enjoy all your writing.

Prices from 10/6 and 12/6.

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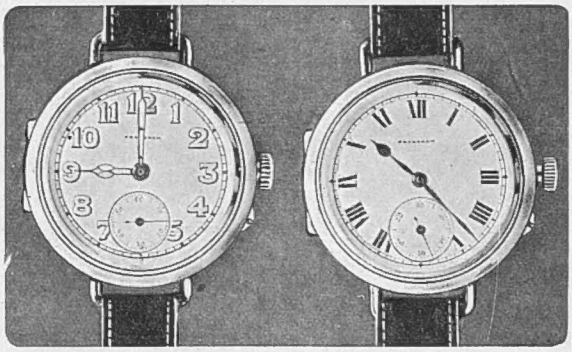

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that really go well and are a comfort to the wearer. Strong Silver Cases, damp and dustproof. Luminous or non-luminous dials as preferred. Finest quality, strongly recommended, **£10 0 0.** Cheaper qualities (good works) **£7 0 0** and **£5 0 0**

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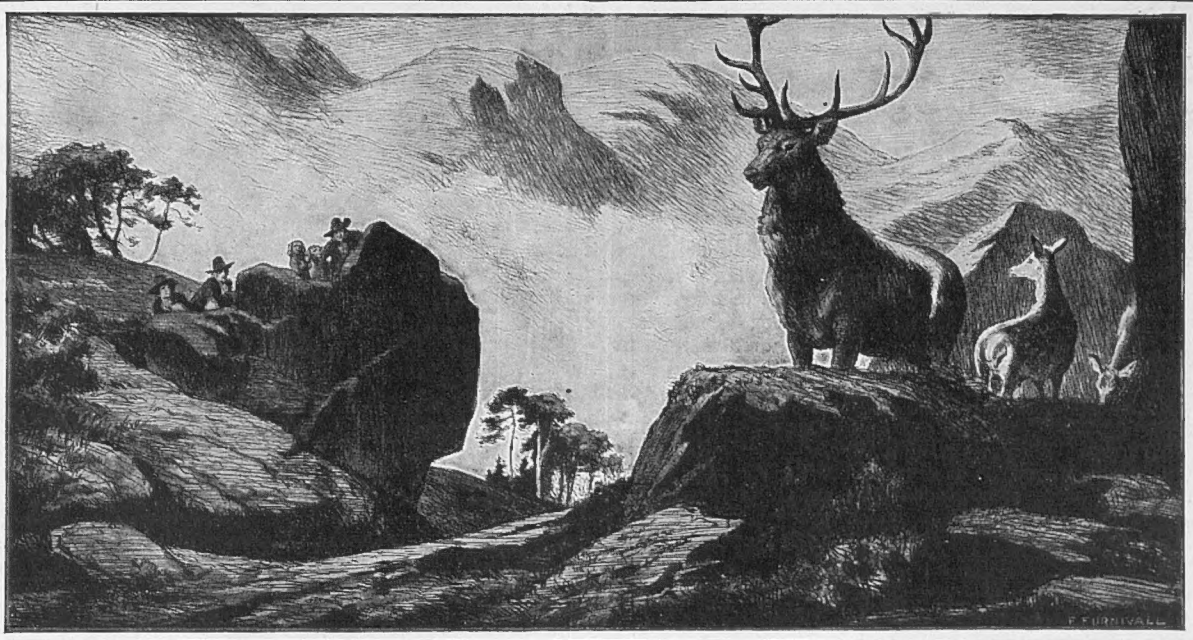

DEER-STALKING in the early 18th century was much more general north of the border than in these days when the "Monarch of the Glen" finds little cover save in remote fastnesses. An added pleasure to the chase appreciated by most sportsmen is a pipe of that choice blend of tobaccos

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F. & J. SMITH, Glasgow,

Manufacturers of **"ORCHESTRA"**
High-Class Virginian Cigarettes.

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MILD MEDIUM FULL

Per 10½d. oz.

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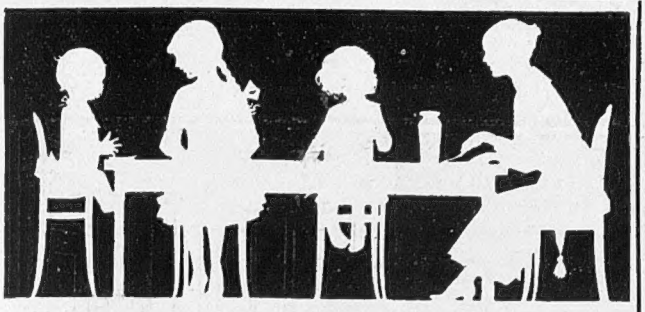

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Lemocreme

The Cream of Curds

should be in every household. It is far better for children (and their elders too) than bought jam; it contains no inferior sugar or sugar substitute, no pips, stones or colouring matter.

Lemocreme is as nourishing as it is delicious. New-laid eggs, farmhouse butter and pure sugar alone go to its making. The appetising tonic flavour of Lemocreme is supplied by juice from choicest lemon fruit.

Ask always for "Lemocreme."

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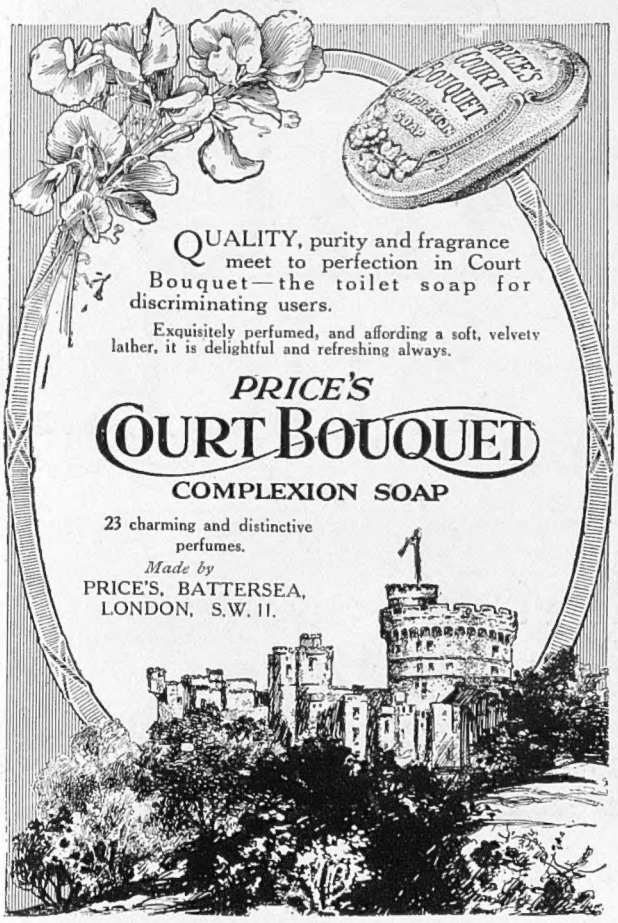

QUALITY, purity and fragrance meet to perfection in Court Bouquet—the toilet soap for discriminating users.

Exquisitely perfumed, and affording a soft, velvety lather, it is delightful and refreshing always.

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COMPLEXION SOAP

23 charming and distinctive perfumes.

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THE WEATHERPROOF YOU CAN RELY ON

The real merit of "Aquascutum" lies in its ability to withstand heavy rains without incurring in the slightest degree any risk or liability to chill. With these virtues are combined style and practicability.

Weatherproof Specialists for over 50 years.

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An unequalled selection of Sports, Travel and Motor Coats always in Stock ready for immediate wear.

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"ERASMIC" Shaving Stick.

Helps the razor and gives
a really comfortable shave.
Does not dry on the face.

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